

# HUSTLER

FOR THE WHOLE WORLD

MARCH 1978 \$2.25

## WE DON'T NEED A COVER GIRL TO SELL THIS MAGAZINE.

I want to give you \$1 million. On the reverse side of this cover, you will find the details of the Larry Flynt Million-Dollar Giveaway. This is my way of rewarding my readers for helping us through a rocky period. Back in December 1975, I was forced to raise HUSTLER's cover price. We did not have the advertising support enjoyed by our competitors and had no idea whether or not we could continue to survive. But we knew one thing: We did not want to sell out to the advertisers. HUSTLER readers came through at that time, as they always have. We grew and prospered. I've always wanted to thank my readers. At first I thought I could do this by offering money to the government to effect social change. Last year I tried to give \$1 million to President Jimmy Carter to reinstitute the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography so we could get at the truth behind erotic materials. But my money was turned down. Later, I offered Congress more than \$1 million to initiate a study on child abuse. So far my offer has been ignored. Consequently, I decided to give \$1 million to HUSTLER readers, who will be selected at random. I know many of you are confused because of what you have read about HUSTLER's changing editorial format. Nothing has changed, except that the publisher has become a better man and will respond more effectively to the readers' difficulties in dealing with society's sexual and spiritual ills. I will remain responsive to your needs, because without you we would never be in this position. No one should think for a second that HUSTLER Magazine is going to turn its back on the people who made it successful.

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## OFFICIAL RULES

1. Those coupons containing subscription orders receive absolutely no preference in the LARRY FLYNT \$1 MILLION GIVEAWAY. All entries have an equal chance of winning. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

2. To participate in the random drawing, complete the above entry blank, or one obtained elsewhere, or on a plain 3" x 5" card write your name, address, Zip code and telephone number, and indicate a number 0 through 9.

3. All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight November 30, 1978, and received by midnight December 11, 1978, to be eligible for the 20 drawings to be made, two from each bin, on December 12, 1978. The first ten entries drawn will each receive a minimum prize of \$50,000 cash, to be awarded following the 1979 Super Bowl in Miami, Florida. Another \$50,000 in prizes will be awarded to ten entrants, each receiving \$5,000 cash in a drawing to be held one hour following the drawing for the ten final winners.

4. Each of the first ten winners will be provided an all-expenses paid trip for two to Miami for the 1979 Super Bowl as a guest of Larry Flynt Publications. The ten winners or persons designated by said winners must be in attendance at the game.

5. The score of the 1979 Super Bowl will determine which of the ten winners will receive the \$500,000 cash prize. Each of the remaining nine winners will receive \$50,000 cash. The scores of the winning and losing teams will be added and the

last digit (0 through 9) will determine the GRAND PRIZE WINNER. Example: If the score is 13-6 (for a total of 19), the GRAND PRIZE WINNER would be number 9 (the winner drawn from bin 9).

6. All prizes totaling \$1 million will be awarded. The giveaway is open to adult residents of the United States except for employees, and their immediate families, of Larry Flynt Publications and of its licensees, printers and advertising agencies. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winners. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

7. In the event a prize is disclaimed, or remains unclaimed for over one year, said prize will be awarded to an organization or organizations holding an exemption under Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, said organization or organizations to be selected by Larry Flynt at his sole discretion.

8. Entries are to be mailed to Larry Flynt \$1 Million Giveaway, P.O. Box 16506, Columbus, Ohio 43216. A list of the 20 prize-winners may be obtained following the drawings by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the same address.

9. Enter as often as you wish, but submit only one entry per envelope. The odds of winning a prize will be determined by the number of entries received for each of the numbers 0 through 9.

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HG378

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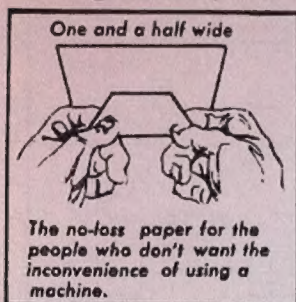


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and Bound Bitches**

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# PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



## Born Again

**M**any of you have read that I've been born again. It's true. I believe in the spirit of God. I believe Christ, Mohammed and Buddha were messengers of this God. Anytime someone goes through a religious experience, people—even those closest to him—think he's going to put on a mask and intimidate them. Well, that's not the case at all. I only feel happiness for my many blessings. I hope my finding God won't change the relationship I've had with you, the HUSTLER reader.

You are uppermost in my thoughts because my calling from God was not one to preach and pray, but to get people to talk and think. I don't believe anyone can accept God unless he has first accepted himself. But, as I have said, I am not a preacher. I won't cram God down your throat. In fact, I think that's what's wrong with the world now: people trying to impose their religious beliefs on others. I'm as adamantly opposed to this as I am to

restrictions on the First Amendment, and I will continue to speak out on that travesty and all controversial matters. HUSTLER will respond to its readers' needs in all respects. The only difference is that before we just had a large stable of talent behind us. Now we also have God on our side.

Oh, I know some people are going to thumb through this issue and say, "Larry Flynt is a hypocrite." They want to see an immediate change. What they don't realize is that our production schedule and deadlines are months ahead of the cover date, and that the issue they're looking at was put together before my conversion. The changes I've instituted will be gradual and will be apparent in the coming months. *Chester* won't be a molester anymore; instead he will be an instrument for social commentary. However, our most significant change will be in the way we portray women. I'll tell you more about our new editorial direction next month.

Just know that we are working for God. We will try to do what God would approve of in our stories and pictures. You will still see a tremendous amount of explicit sex in HUSTLER; no more explicit than what can be found in the Bible. And we will be sure to provide these references in our stories and pictorial features.

My aim is to address my HUSTLER readers in the language they understand best, to answer many of their problems in dealing with deep-rooted religious convictions. We will maintain our sense of humor about ourselves and about the world of problems in which we live. We hope that by poking fun at society's hypocrisies and inconsistencies, we will be able to provide the necessary vehicle for effecting social change.

A handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in dark ink, written in a cursive style.

Editor & Publisher





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Things were simpler back then.

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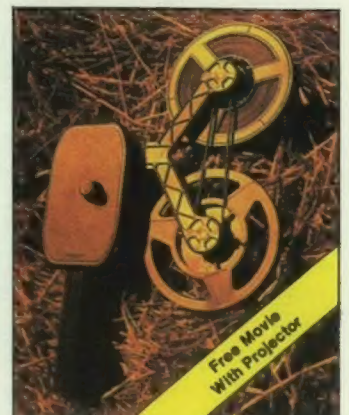
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# SHOW & TELL

As any child can tell you, March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb. But the only lambs in **JOHN ESKOW's** article, **THE CHOSEN FEW**, are the kind who turn out to be wolves when you look under their locks. Eskow dug behind the righteous facade of such pseudosaviors as Sun Myung Moon, Oral Roberts, L. Ron Hubbard and Billy Graham to get the Gospel truth about the men who hype hope for a living. Aside from making an ungodly amount of money, these sleazy scam artists have their fingers in some sexual and political pies as well.

Eskow claims he had to pose as a clean-cut "normal" to get this information, no mean trick for a guy who describes himself as a "typical big-city sleaze." His work has been featured in a number of magazines, including *The Nation* and *New York Quarterly*.

As an extraspecial this month, noted artist **ALEX EBEL** has put together **HUSTLER'S EROTIC BEAVER GUIDE**. By consulting this gorgeous gallery of gash, the clever cocksman can tell his pet's personality simply by looking at her pussy. Ebel, a master of detail, has drawn for such diverse publications as *Esquire* and *The World Book Encyclopedia*. The commentary is by Associate Editor **TODD DAVID SCHWARTZ**, who gets to wax poetic in the accompanying verse-snatches.

When **RICHARD "RACEHORSE" HAYNES** steps into the courtroom, he can become a lamb, a lion or anything else he thinks might move a stubborn jury to find his client innocent. Haynes, the Texas "superlawyer" whose legal wrangling in the John Hill murder trial was detailed in Thomas Thompson's best-seller *Blood and Money*, is profiled

Illustration by Scott Ross



this month by **JOE NICK PATOSKI**, a veteran journalist who has written for *Texas Monthly*, *Rolling Stone*, *Mother Jones* and *CHIC*, among other publications. But writing **THE SMOOTH-EST MOUTH IN THE WEST** was one of the toughest assignments he's handled. "When it comes down to it," says Patoski, "lawyers are bigger prima donnas than rock stars." The illustration for this profile is by **GENE WILKES**, an Atlanta artist who divides his time between magazine work and album covers for Columbia Records.

In **LITTLE SKEETER'S GOTTA LEARN**, **HUSTLER** discovery **ROY CAMPBELL** describes the sexual rite of passage that turns most lambs to rams. Campbell is a college professor and is making his first appearance in a

national men's magazine. Frequent contributor **MICHAEL KANAREK** provided the artwork for the story. Along with his **HUSTLER** work, Michael has done illustrations for *Penthouse*, *Viva*, *Club* and *CHIC*. He's also handled the ad campaigns for Amaretto, Kool-Aid and the TV animation for the No Nonsense pantyhose commercials.

Finally, to help you bone up on your technique, March's **SEX PLAY** focuses on **MALE MASTURBATION: COMING TO GRIPS WITH OURSELVES**. **JOHN-MICHAEL WILLIAMS**, the author of this handy piece, has written an entertainment column for Boston's *Nightfall* magazine and two plays, *Going Down* and *The Liberation of January Harrison*. The artwork for *Sex Play* is by **OLIVIA DeBERNARDINIS**.

And that's **HUSTLER** for March—in like a lion and out like a pussy who's had enough.

—**ALTHEA FLYNT**

Associate Publisher & Editorial Director



John Eskow



Joe Nick Patoski



Gene Wilkes



Roy Campbell



John-Michael Williams



Olivia DeBernardinis



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Subtotal \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax \_\_\_\_\_

Postage, handling and insurance 2.00

**TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_**

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.



# FEEDBACK

**Dog Food:** In your November *Bits & Pieces*, I saw a picture that greatly disturbed me. Under the bright-red caption of "Seoul Food" was a photo of disemboweled dogs for sale in a meat market. I was in South Korea for four years, and I can honestly say I didn't see one animal mistreated, much less on sale in the marketplace.

Actually, dogs are considered a delicacy, the way chocolate-covered ants and grasshoppers were once considered delicacies in America. But would it be fair to say that, because they eat insects, Americans are also starving? If so, why not be fair? How about a picture of a little kid eating paint chips for dinner in the South Bronx? I am eagerly awaiting to see if you have the intestinal fortitude to do that.

David Sabers  
Fort Detrick, Maryland

**Few Are Chosen:** I recently bought a copy of *HUSTLER REJECTS*, and I personally think it is one of the finest publications I've seen. What I can't seem to understand is why most of the girls in the magazine were rejected. I myself can pick at least five who are very sexy, but I'm not a master as you are, Mr. Flynt. I hope in the future you will publish a *HUSTLER REJECTS* #2.

Willie Johnson  
Chicago, Illinois

**Forbidden Fruit:** In reference to Flo Kennedy's and Irene Davall's article *Why Not a Whore Corps for Congress?* (December 1977), I would like to say I think the idea is ridiculous. Most likely a congressman's sex drive is increased by the great risk he is taking in sneaking around.

In other words the more he has to lose, the more exciting such behavior is. By the same token, if prostitution is legalized by 1980, it will probably be obsolete by the turn of the century. Legalization will take away the thrill—and that's half of the fun.

Gerald Graves  
Address Withheld by Request

**Christian Attitude?** After reading the January 1978 issue of *HUSTLER*, I am superupset. Some of the cartoons were in very bad taste. I mean they were downright sacrilegious. How can you people publish such things as a drawing depicting the baby Jesus dead in a trash can?

As I see it, you folks have bought yourselves a nonstop, one-way ticket to hell. I would like to punch all of you right in the nose. If our government had any teeth in its jaws, it would cut all of your nuts off and hang your asses from the nearest tree.

Curtis Wilson  
Lubbock, Texas



**HUSTLER Saved...** I have just read that you have accepted Christ, Larry. I rejoice for you. Of course, since we've all come to expect the worst from you and your magazine in the past, you'll probably have to face much skepticism. But your strength comes from the Holy Spirit, and He will not let you down. Have courage in Him and go forward. Read your Bible, and whatever the doubting world has to say will not touch your life. I pray that you and your family will have a full and rich life in Christ.

Evelyn M. Roediger  
Address Withheld by Request

Praise God, Larry, I have just heard your testimony on the *Today* show. "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10).

Loraine J. Pakkala  
Address Withheld by Request

My husband and I attended the Catholic Charismatic Conference in Atlantic City, New Jersey, where Ruth Carter Stapleton spoke about inner healing. When she mentioned that she had talked with you, I was awed. I had prayed that a Christian would talk to you about your views on love and sexual relationships, and God answered my prayers in a grand way. Now I praise Him and thank Him. I'm sure God has plans for you, perhaps in helping and guiding young people. May you find the peace that only Christ can give.

Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

Strangely enough, just a couple of days ago I was thinking of the subtle verity of your publication's tragically accurate title, *HUSTLER*, and how it reflects today's social conditions—with young Americans out of school, out of work and with nothing to fall back on but hustling.

And now the news! I'm not surprised at all. Rather I'm somewhat pleased about your Christian commitment. I am hopeful for your magazine's future.

Bishop Mark Valdes, Archimandrite  
Greek Orthodox Abetal Church  
Los Angeles, California

Changing a personal philosophy can be soul-wrenching, but to do so in public must be all the harder. Don't worry about people smiling at the change. There are hundreds of thousands more of us who applaud and respect you. If your magazine portrays women as human beings, as people of worth, you will have done a great service to your readers. Life is often hard. If your magazine can elevate life a little and make the world



# FEEDBACK

nicer to live in, you will have done something great.

You're a man of courage, Larry.  
Mrs. Mary Waterfield  
Columbus, Ohio

I am praying that this letter reaches you personally because you alone would be interested in its message. God has answered the fervent pleas of many worried people by touching you with the gift of repentance. Mrs. Ruth Carter Stapleton must be a very special lady to help you see the light and amend your ways. Please use this acceptance of Christ by helping rid our beloved country of the evils that obscenity represents. You, more than most, should know how bad it really is.

I hope your new-found acceptance of Christ as your Savior will enable you to spend the rest of your life in a happy, wholesome and inspirational way.

Elaine Griffith, Vice-President  
Morality in Media of Michigan, Inc.  
Detroit, Michigan

Welcome home. Your conversion and brave plans to change the direction of your magazine are wonderful. We need magazines that are courageous and full of a strong and wholesome appetite for life. There are already plenty of bland and pious publications. Your judgment to free the neurotics is a good one.

Michael and Margaret Olson  
Drayden, Maryland

I went to hear Ruth Carter Stapleton speak at the Braeswood Assembly of God Church. When she introduced you, I confess I was stunned, shocked and finally overwhelmed with pure joy.

I had been praying about the problem of

pornography for a long time, but I never really expected God to answer in such a beautiful, complete and healing way. I understand you plan to continue publishing HUSTLER with the idea in mind of promoting healthy ideas toward sex. You have a monumental task ahead of you. The church will vilify you and the world will mock you. But hang in there. As a small token of my support for your new life, I am immediately subscribing to HUSTLER.

David T. Broadus  
Houston, Texas

Praise the Lord! What a surprise it was to hear you have accepted Jesus as your Savior. Although some persons are skeptical of you and what the magazine will become, we shall be praying for you and your family.

Alice Dachant  
Address Withheld by Request

During the past two days, Mr. Flynt, I have been profoundly impressed by TV broadcasts announcing your intended renunciation of your career of furthering the evils of pornography. I wish to believe in the sincerity of your desire to convert.

Many times during the past year I watched on TV your struggle to justify your activities. I could only wonder why a man with such a good, open countenance and obviously endowed with superior intelligence could have become involved in such a way of life. I often wondered if you had any religious upbringing as a youth and, if so, what had happened in the meantime.

If your conversion is sincere, I do not have to be a prophet to predict that a truly great future lies ahead—a future in which your speaking and writing talents could influence millions to walk on the way to Christ.

I am a Roman Catholic nun, a Sister of Notre Dame for more than 50 years, and you

will have my special prayers during the weeks and months ahead.

Sister Agnes Immaculata  
Cincinnati, Ohio

One thing that keeps impressing me is your unusual opportunity to speak to people about sexuality. As Christians, we do need to reexamine and understand better that area of experience.

T. C. Whitehouse, Pastor  
Newtonville United Methodist Church  
Newtonville, Massachusetts

You have said you are one of the most misunderstood persons in our midst. I believe you are right. I verbally supported you prior to your conversion because I believed in the ideals you fought for, even if I did not approve of your magazine. I hope that these ideals may now be brought to light untarnished and that the public can begin to comprehend what you have been fighting for all along. You have my support.

Joy Ann Scudder  
Cincinnati, Ohio

I knew Larry Flynt must have a good heart when someone showed me the public-service ad on the back cover of the October 1977 HUSTLER ("Some Still Call Him Pig"). This was further supported when he offered his profits to improve the lot of abused children.

Now that he has bravely stood up for the Lord, I just want him to know he has my support as well as that of hundreds of Christians who may or may not elect to write to him. I look forward to buying my first copy of HUSTLER.

Nancy Vaughan  
Marietta, Georgia

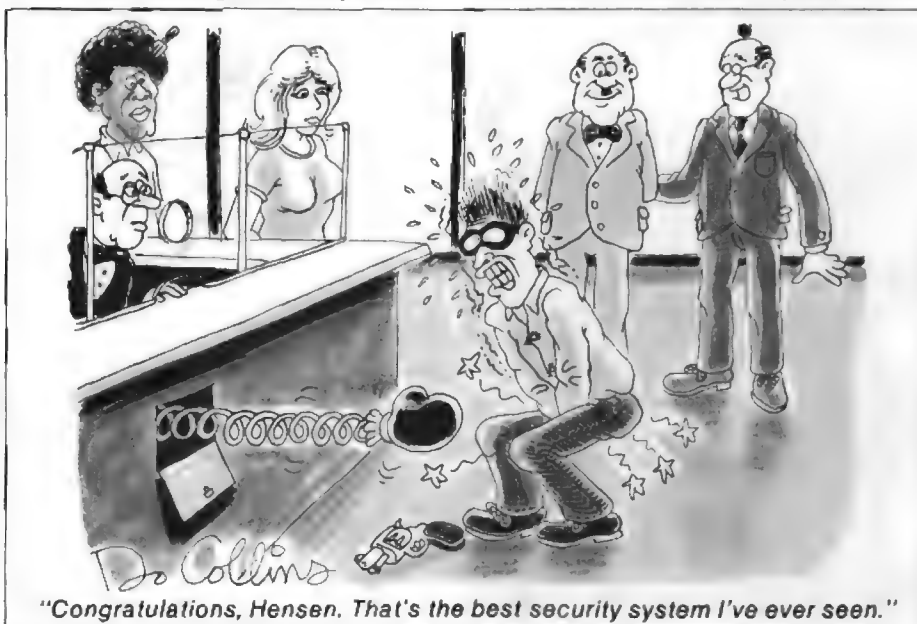
Many of us rejoice with you in your acceptance of the Lord, but we find it disturbing that you are going to continue publishing HUSTLER in its present form for four months. When you asked Christ to enter your life, He came right away. Four more months of doing the devil's work, even if your wife handles it, are sure to bring in more profits. Why not take the economic loss and offer the money to the Lord? Pick up your cross, Larry. It's a happy burden.

Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

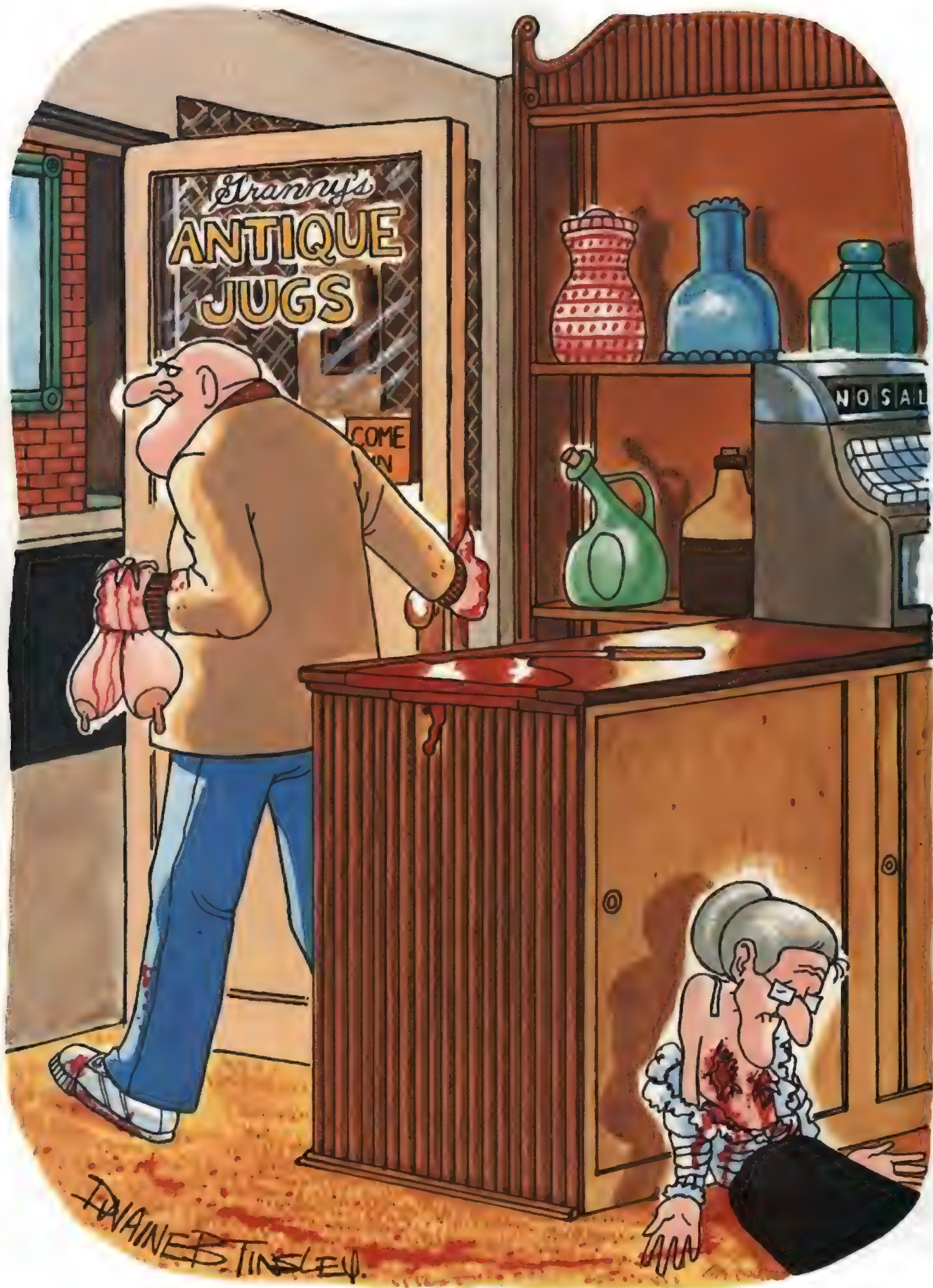
Part of my calling from God was to promote a better understanding of human sexuality through HUSTLER Magazine.

—Larry Flynt

...Or Sold Out? The hell with Ruth Carter Stapleton. The problem with your publication is you are too conservative. I







DAVID B. TINSLEY



hope you do not follow through with your reputed idea to clean up your act. What for? Tell Ruth to get screwed. By Jimmy, no less.

Lee Montgomery  
Address Withheld by Request

other cities to arrest me. In this way I hope to focus attention on the need to repeal today's repressive and antiquated obscenity laws. My conversion to Christianity has not changed any of my feelings concerning individual rights.

—Larry Flynt

influence by publicly criticizing Congress for the way you were received at the hearing before which you testified.

People like you, Hugh Hefner and Al Goldstein have helped change my whole life. I am really able to enjoy sex after being stripped of my Baptist attitudes. Now you are selling out to the enemy, abandoning us all—including Mr. Goldstein, who, you claimed, was your friend.

John Powell  
Hannibal, Missouri

I believe your conversion is either a scantily disguised ploy to save your precious neck, or you have sincerely been infected by religious disease.

Raven Gypsy  
San Francisco, California

Thank you for such honest letters, which are representative of many I have been receiving. I hope HUSTLER readers will let me express myself without first passing judgment.

—Larry Flynt

I believe in an individual's right to publish, say or worship whatever he wants, and I am behind you 100 percent in your struggle to safeguard those rights. You're doing what Lenny Bruce did—using your brand of entertainment to fight the Establishment.

For this reason, your jump from cunts to Christ is mind-bending. Is it possible that the prospect of 25 years behind bars has you so scared you've hooked up with Ruth Carter Stapleton, that you're now trying to pose as a God-fearing, law-abiding citizen? In my mind your alliance with Mrs. Stapleton is comparable to that of Lenny Bruce and drugs.

You must agree with the courts that your magazine and your way of life are wrong. It seems to me you are between a rock and a hard place, looking for a way out. But what will it be, Mr. Flynt—cunt or Christ?

Robert C. Ross, Jr.  
Augusta, Georgia

In the first place, I am not on drugs. In the second place, the law that I was convicted under has been declared unconstitutional by a federal judge in Cleveland. I have never published an issue of HUSTLER that I felt was obscene. For that matter, I have not tried to keep myself out of jail. I have done the opposite, by forcing prosecutors in

In my opinion you have the wrong person in the position of *Asshole of the Year*. Hugh Hefner is no match for your own publisher, Larry Flynt. Congratulations, Larry, on the cop-out of the century.

Patrick M. Knowlen  
Eugene, Oregon

I just caught your act on the *Today* show. In the past I never gave a shit about your politics because they were mostly pink and very beautiful. Change your magazine's editorial and photographic policy and I'm sure you'll go down the tubes, just as all religious fanatics should.

J. L. Blask  
Address Withheld by Request

I am shocked that you would throw in with the corrupt demagogues of our society and abandon your important work of freeing the people from this church society. I have sacrificed in my own small way to protect your honor by defending you and your magazine in a local newspaper column, which got me endless crank calls from religious morons. I also lost some important

**Echoes of Outrage:** As requested in your December 1977 *Statement*, I have forwarded copies of the following letter to Judge Frank G. Theis and Attorney General Griffin Bell. I hope all HUSTLER readers react similarly to the government's infringement of their constitutionally guaranteed freedom.

Honorable Court: Please accept this letter as a citizen's motion to dismiss the charges against Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*. I base this motion on the First Amendment right of all American citizens to read any publication they choose.

In this citizen's opinion, *Screw* is designed to eliminate the sexual ignorance born of folklore and superstition. The law should not deny citizens the right to sexual information through secondary institutions such as magazines or sex newspapers. Nor should it require any citizen not desiring to view erotic material to do so. The freedom of choice in selecting reading material should remain with each American citizen.

Willie Maxwell  
Marquette, Michigan

**Movin' On:** I was truly appalled to read that HUSTLER is planning to leave Ohio and move to California. As a moral, upstanding Ohioan, I feel this is the worst thing to happen since Jim Rhodes became governor. By moving, you are taking away what little culture, comic enjoyment and beauty Ohio has. I, for one, urge you to stay on West Gay, at least until the year 2500 A.D.

Bob Fown  
Columbus, Ohio

Not after last winter's deep freeze! ❄️

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# Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

*Telerotica*

2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor  
Los Angeles, California 90067

An English Court of Appeals has broadened the so-called "Battered Wives Charter," a piece of legislation designed to crack down on wife abuse. Under the charter, passed last year with the support of feminists, mistresses and female roommates are provided with the same legal protection as married women. M.P. Joe Richardson, who sponsored the measure when it was first introduced in the House of Commons, said the charter is intended to protect all women. In delivering the decision, Lord Denning of the Court of Appeals pointed out: "Even if the man owns the home, the protection of the woman, married or not, comes first."

Dr. Benjamin Brody, a psychology professor at Adelphi University, says that next to the genitals, the armpits are the most erotic parts of the human body. In an article published in the journal "Psychiatry," Dr. Brody theorizes that armpit aromas evoke ancient, primal feelings, which often overcome our intellectual defenses.

He goes on to cite the technique of a certain European peasant who seduced "many a chaste young girl" by using his armpits. The man would attend dances with a handkerchief folded under his arm. At the first opportunity he would whip the handkerchief out and wipe his partner's sweaty face with it. Dr. Brody laments that the sexual significance of armpits has been almost ignored.

An annual nationwide poll of top-ranking high-school students suggests that our national trend toward conservatism will be continuing and that younger people are returning to more traditional moral and political values despite the stormy late '60s and early '70s.

Measuring responses from 24,000 juniors and seniors, the differences in attitudes between the students of today and those polled in other years were most noticeable in three areas. Today's students are far more sympathetic to greater military spending than their 1973 counterparts. Two-thirds of those polled favor capital punishment. Surprisingly, 64 percent advocate censoring--to some degree--movies, magazines and books. Almost the same percentage had condemned censorship in any form in the 1971 survey.

Mitchell Beck, a 32-year-old office manager from Norristown, Pennsylvania, faces a maximum sentence of 607 years in prison and \$1.3 million in fines for making obscene phone calls. Beck was tracked down by Bell Telephone's computerized monitoring network. He pleaded guilty--not to one count, but to 186--after the judge refused to honor a plea-bargaining deal that would have meant a maximum sentence of only three months in jail.

A research team at the University of California at Irvine accidentally found evidence of homosexuality among wild birds. In the process of observing some 1,200 pairs of West Coast gulls, researchers were astonished to find that 14 percent of the female gulls exhibited the sexual behavior of males; they would mount other females as if copulating. Apparently there are no "male homosexuals" among the gulls--only "lesbians." It is theorized that this "lesbian" phenomenon is due to the scarcity of male gulls.

A 27-year-old woman has confessed to killing a Marine Corps drill instructor after being offered \$15,000 and his truck by the man's wife to do the job. Terry DePew told police she and the soldier's wife had originally tried to feed the victim french toast laced with what they thought would be a lethal dose of LSD.

When that failed the two women went back to the drawing board, whereupon Sergeant David Hargis was offered a pie with a tarantula inside. He threw the pie away, saying "it tasted bad."

Finally, DePew admitted, she waited until Hargis was asleep and fatally bludgeoned him with a six-pound lead weight. 🐞



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# ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

*Advise & Consent* is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups, maladies or other problems of a personal nature. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and treatment of a physician. If you have a question on any topic whatsoever, direct your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent*, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

I recently saw a porno flick in which one lesbian sucked milk from another woman's breasts. Can a woman who is not pregnant or who has not had a child give milk?

M. N.  
Vancouver, British Columbia

Although most porn films use mechanical devices strapped to the side of the actress's breasts, it is possible for a woman who has not recently had a child to give milk. Lactation is caused by the action of sucking, which stimulates the pituitary gland to produce two hormones. One of these, prolactin, induces the breasts to produce milk; the other, oxytocin, affects the milk-secreting ducts. For lactation to occur, the nipple and areola (the colored ring around the nipple) must be sucked and compressed for about 20 minutes up to six or more times a day for several days. Unless your girl wants swollen, sore or congested breasts, plus fatigue and headaches, we wouldn't suggest you try it on her.

I'm a male in my early 20s and I have an unusual problem. My breasts are too big. Can masturbation cause this abnormal enlargement? I can't remember their being swollen before I started to beat off. I've heard stories about guys who have had operations to remove excess fat.

C. F.  
Fairfax, Virginia

Your condition seems to be gynecomastia, an abnormal increase in the size of the breasts. It is not caused by masturbation, but is usually associated with an endocrine disorder. The endocrine system is responsible for regulating body functions, such as metabolism or the production of sex hormones. Your physician will verify whether gynecomastia is indeed your problem and whether endocrine therapy or surgery is needed.

For a long time I have been turned on by lady wrestlers, and I once even climaxed while watching two beautiful women pitting their strength against each other. I had hoped to meet a strong Amazon or Wonder Woman type who would want to leap on me, wrap her creamy white thighs around my head and squeeze me into painful submission. Unfortunately for me, when I bring up wrestling with my wife, her reaction is every-

thing from uninterest to aversion. What can I do to make my fantasies come true?

D. S.  
Concord, New Hampshire

Your wife may have the impression that wrestling involves deadly headlocks or bear hugs. Then again, you may have frightened her into believing she is married to a masochist. She may be turned off by the idea of inflicting pain on you. Many lovers wrestle with each other and find it a real boost to their sex lives, and for the most part it is harmless, painless fun. Try getting your wife interested in "stalking" games, in which one partner chases and pins the other. Or get her to take a judo course with you and thus get her interested in practicing some body-throws in bed.

I am an 18-year-old bisexual male. I like women, but I only seem to be able to get a hard-on by looking at men. I recently met a girl I'm crazy about. She's just waiting for me to fuck her. But I end up telling her to wait for the right time—I'm afraid that if I attempt to lay her, I won't be able to get it up and I'll lose her. But if I wait much longer, I'm afraid I may lose her anyway. I don't want to be bisexual. I want to be heterosexual. What can be done to change this? Please help me!

D. S.  
Monroeville, Pennsylvania

You can help yourself by first determining whether you really are bisexual. The only way to do that is by going to bed with your girlfriend. Don't fear failure the first time; that's quite often the case with young men who are, of course, anxious during an initial encounter. If you can't

get it up or if you ejaculate prematurely, consider yourself normal and try again later. Your girlfriend will understand if you explain that sex is still something new for you and if you convey confidence that your lovemaking will improve.

Many people get hung up because society dictates that if you are not heterosexual then you are homosexual, and therefore an outcast. There is a third way, and it may well be healthy and natural for you. A bisexual is able to react comfortably to people of both sexes emotionally, psychologically and sexually.

Don't categorize yourself until you know that you can and do interact with men and women on all these levels. Many adolescents have homosexual or lesbian fantasies or relationships, but later find that they are heterosexual. And by all means, read and study about bisexuality and bisexual life-styles. You might write to *National Bisexual Liberation*, 345 West 85th Street, Suite 46, New York, New York 10024, for information, or pick up one of the many books dealing with this subject. Educate yourself physically and mentally, and then be yourself.

I've noticed something about women: Some sit with their legs crossed and some sit spread-eagled. Is there any difference with respect to their sexual attitudes?

V. M.  
Newark, New Jersey

Whether women sit with their knees together or sit with their legs crossed at the ankles is usually a matter of comfort or habit. But studies on body language show that there may be a correlation. *The Body Reveals*, by Ron Kurtz and Hector Prestera, M.D., states that a person who sits or stands with the thighs drawn inward is acting





*protectively and blocking his or her sexual expression. However, we would caution against approaching a woman on this basis alone, unless she is sitting spread-eagled, licking her lips and staring longingly at your crotch.*

Here I am in my cell, locked up by the California state youth authorities. Since I've been in and out of places like this for about three years, I haven't had much time for fucking chicks, but the last three women I had were simply worn out by me. What do you think of a five-hour, nonstop hard-on?

M. O.  
Walnut Creek, California

*What are your visiting hours?*

We are a married couple who really enjoy sex, except for one little problem—masturbation. It really turns me on, but my wife doesn't know how to please herself. She has a nice, fat, little clit that gets hard and stands out when she pulls and rubs it. But she can't seem to come. Is there something we can do to make her more responsive?

T. T.  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

*Masturbation, like other sexual skills, involves a learning process. She should practice with slow, rhythmic movements, applying steady pressure. When she is stimulating the clitoris, she should not overlook the extremely sensitive labia minora, the inner lips. Some women apply pressure to their genitalia by crossing their legs or tensing their muscles. Others combine stimulation of the clit and labial area with vaginal insertions—fingers, dildoes, small vibrators or other objects. Although most of the stimulation is physical, she should not ignore the psychological aspects.*

For a detailed discussion of masturbation, see this month's *Sex Play*, page 37.

I'm 25 and my wife is 32. We have pretty open minds about sex, and we often walk around the house naked in front of our children. I am worried about my five-year-old daughter. She straddles and humps on everything and even goes through the motions of finger-fucking, sometimes with her younger sister. Is she actually getting off? Does our nudity hurt or help?

T. B.  
Dousman, Wisconsin

*According to many studies, it is not unusual for young children to masturbate. There has even been a reported case of a nine-month-old baby masturbating. Some children have orgasms by the time they are three years old.*

*As long as this sex play is not violent or aggressive, there is probably no reason to worry. However, your daughter should be taught that putting foreign objects in her vagina can be dangerous. Nudity in front of your children should be no problem. They will pick up a natural, healthy respect for the human body.*

I have a problem that is the pits. I can't enjoy oral sex because every time my girl goes down on me, I get a kind of cringing pain. It feels like some skin on my penis is twisted or not in the right place, so I have to make my girl stop every other minute to readjust it. A night won't go by without this uncomfortable feeling. Are we doing something wrong? She's not too experienced and I'm the first one she's sucked.

V. R.  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Your girlfriend needs to develop her technique. It's the lips, gums and tongue that should do all the work. She should wrap her lips over her teeth so that they don't pinch the shaft of the penis. (This can be practiced on a Popsicle, since the extreme cold won't allow her to bite down.) When her*

*mouth or jaw gets tired, she should let her hands take over for a while, stroking and kneading the shaft and balls. She should alternate between the two methods. If you still notice discomfort after she has her technique down, check with your physician because such pain is not normal.*

What I need is someone to tell me I shouldn't feel guilty for fucking my best friend's girl. According to her, she likes him because he's cute, but loves me because I fuck her like he can't. He's been my best friend for seven years, and we're so inseparable we even balled a broad at the same time. He says he is totally in love with his girl, but she's now at the point where she wants to leave him for me. What the hell should I do?

L. D.  
North Hollywood, California

*Are you really interested in the girl, or are you turned on by the fact that she comes on to you and that she's also your friend's lover? If indeed it is the latter, then you should cease your involvement with her. If the interest is mutual, then hopefully your friend will be mature enough to accept the choice the girl makes. Otherwise, you're going to lose a friend and gain a lover. You may even lose both. Is it worth the risk?*

What do you think of a horny, married man who has a desire to see his wife fucked by a stranger or friend? And what do you think of this horny bastard's not having the guts to ask his wife, "Would you fuck Frank in front of me?" Please try to help me get over this hurdle.

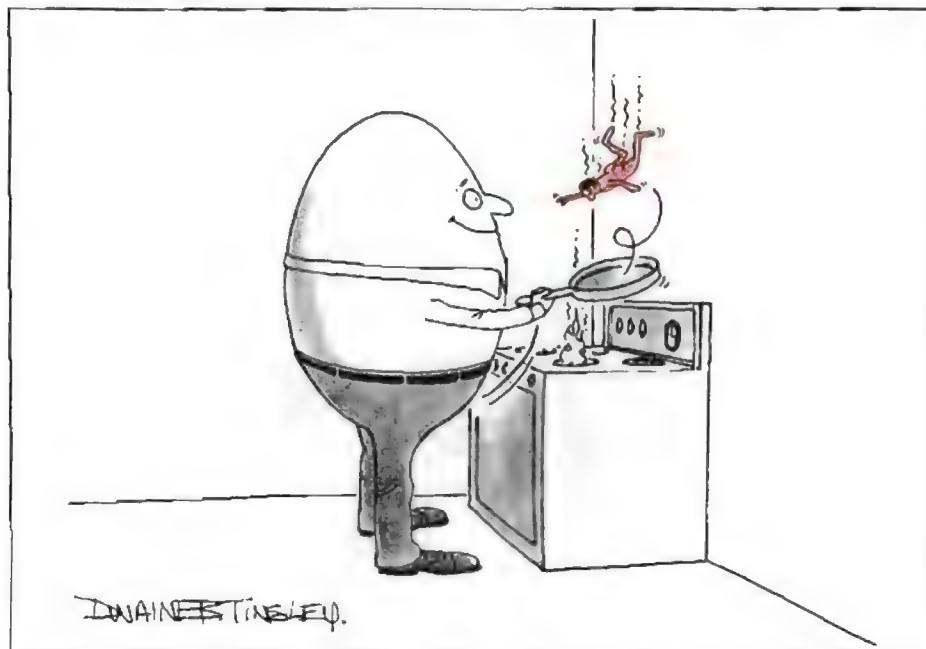
D. Z.  
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

*The only conceivable way to clear a hurdle is to jump it and move on. You must first ask your wife how she feels about your problem. If she refuses because of embarrassment, encourage her to masturbate in front of you, thereby slowly getting her accustomed to performing before an audience. If infidelity is the cause of her reluctance, even after your assurances, accept the fact that she doesn't want to take the chance of hurting your feelings. If your voyeurism remains unsatisfied, rent a video-cassette unit or an instant movie camera to film your lovemaking.*

*The worst that could come of this would be an improvement in your techniques through the wonders of instant replay. Spectator sports are a large part of American life, and there is no reason to exclude them from the bedroom.*

I believe I am writing on behalf of many concerned senior citizens. The problem is holding an erection. I would like to know if there is a pill, capsule or medicine of any kind that will allow an elderly person to hold his erection long enough to prepare his mate in the proper manner, so that by the time she is ready, the erection isn't gone.

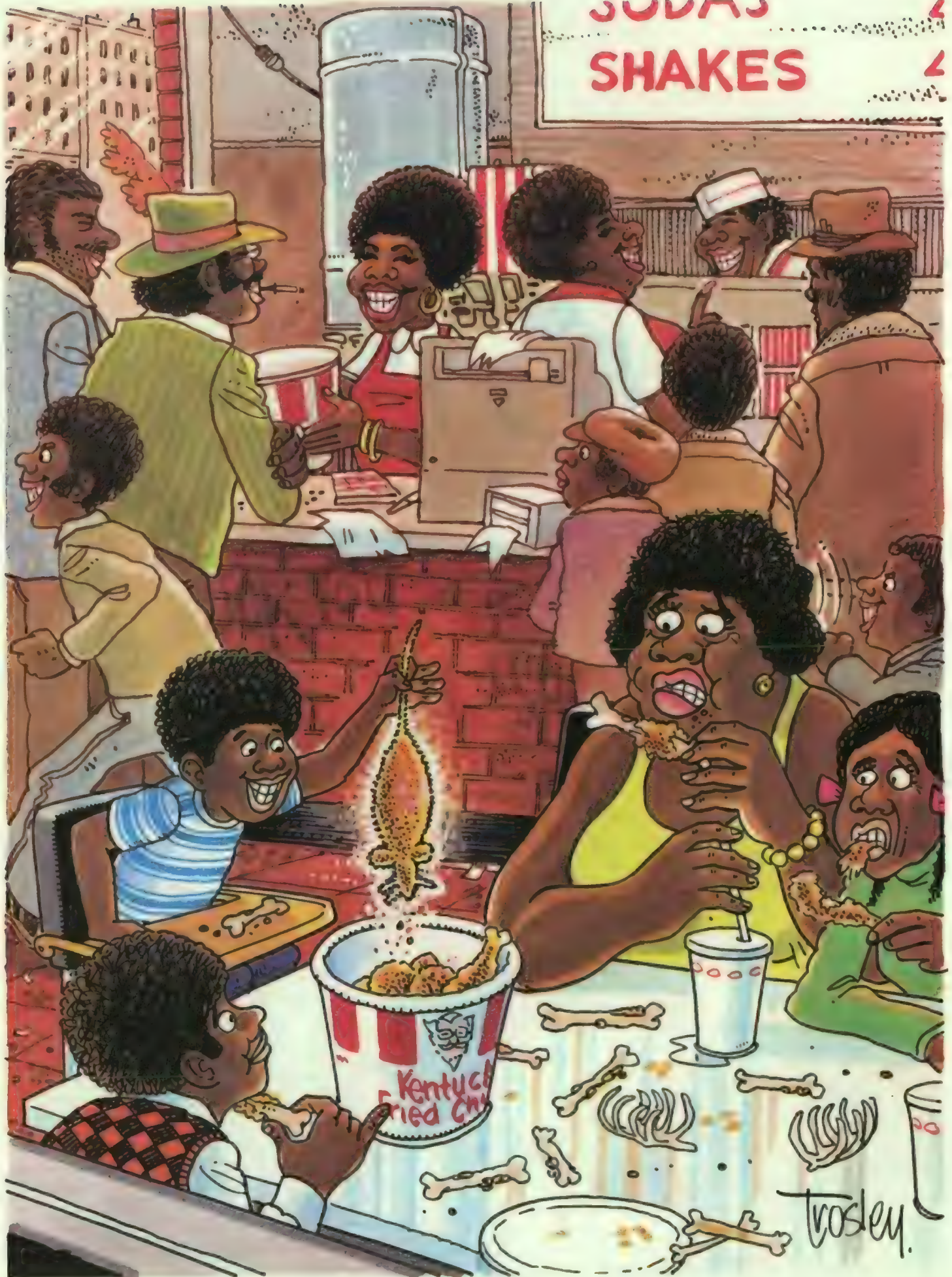
I am 73 years old and consider sex to be





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# ADVICE & CONSENT

next to eating in importance. I have bought a lot of the garbage advertised in the tabloids, all to no avail. I had a friend who a few years ago told me to think positive. Along with that and some oral sex, I made a surprising comeback.

I am still thinking positive, but I need a little help. If there is any advice you can give us old duffers, please let us know.

Name Withheld by Request  
Redding, California

*Thinking positive should be the answer. Many older men still suffer from the fear that, with age, the ability to get and maintain an erection disappears. While it may be true that it takes longer for an aging male to achieve an erection, evidence tends to show that his erection should last longer. In order for your lady friends to take full advantage of nature's aging process, you should try "stuffing" the penis into the vagina while it is still flaccid. If the man is healthy and still interested in sex and has partners who are responsive and stimulating, there is no reason his penis shouldn't function adequately.*

I am 27 and my sister is 31. Last month we became grandmothers when my 13-year-old daughter and my 15-year-old niece had babies. We would like to know if we are the youngest sisters to become grandmothers.

N. Y.  
San Diego, California

*There is no such listing in the Guinness Book of World Records, but you can try to claim the record by writing to Guinness Superlatives Ltd., 2 Cecil Court, London Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England. Send documentation—such as the birth certificates of all involved.*

Is it normal for a girl to be unaware that she has had an orgasm? Whenever my boyfriend and I have sex, I can't give him a direct yes when he asks if I came.

D. F.  
New London, Connecticut

*If you had achieved orgasm, you'd know it. Many women suppress their sexual feelings because of ignorance or misinformation, and this can result in "orgasmic dysfunction" (impairment).*

*According to medical studies, about 20 percent of all women who have been married for at least five years still have not achieved orgasm. Kinsey defines orgasm as an "explosive discharge of neuromuscular tensions." You would notice a high degree of tension in all your muscles, an increased pulse rate, and forced breathing and gasping, which peak and then should resolve themselves in climax. Or these sensations peak and diminish without resolution, as in your case.*

*The release of tension results in an afterglow of satisfaction, a sense of peace and often fatigue. Many women are only vaguely aware of reality at the moment of climax and therefore cannot describe what has happened, but are aware of the changes in their bodies.*

This is another letter from a guy with a hang-up about the size of his cock. My girlfriend (who happens to have a rather large vagina) and I have come to the conclusion that increasing the size of my cock would do wonders for our sex life. Is there any really effective method of enlarging my penis, and if so, how can I obtain it?

V. S.  
Houston, Texas

*The Food and Drug Administration's Medical Review Division warns that any type of suction device used for enlarging the penis could cause injury, such as ruptured blood vessels or even an embolism (a clot in an artery). The FDA also states that there is no medical evidence that any penis-enlarging method works, because the size of the penis is determined by heredity. There are items on the market that can camouflage or compensate for a smaller cock, such as hollowed-out dildoes, french ticklers, vibrators and penis-shaped sleeves that fit over vibrators.*

*If gadgets don't do the trick for you, then you and your girlfriend should find out what sexual positions give you both maximum contact. Remember, it's not the meat, it's the motion.*

My husband and I have been married almost six years. It seems that all he wants is blow jobs, but the idea of swallowing semen makes me throw up. He'd rather have me suck him than make love. He says I'll be showing him how much I love him by giving him head. This is really wrecking our marriage. What can I do?

V. M.  
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

*Kinsey states that any unwillingness to engage in oral sex is almost always psychological. You didn't say whether your husband ever goes down on you and whether or not you enjoy it. Talk things over and explain to your husband that as long as he gives you reciprocal pleasure, you may be able to overcome your reluctance.*

*Gagging is a reflex action brought on by tension or revulsion, but sex experts have demonstrated that when people experience mutual satisfaction, it can be overcome. If you cannot get over your aversion to swallowing his semen, bring him close to orgasm and then have him come either inside your vagina or on another part of your body, such as your chest or stomach.*

Most medicines prescribed for high blood pressure tend to make one impotent. Could you recommend a medication that will not?

A. F.  
Agawam, Massachusetts

*Unfortunately, impotence can result from the use of any antihypertensive (high-blood-pressure medication) except hydralazine. Only a physician can prescribe the proper medicine for you. Hydralazine may, in your case, cause other undesirable side effects. Ask your physician if a controlled diet can be substituted for drugs.*

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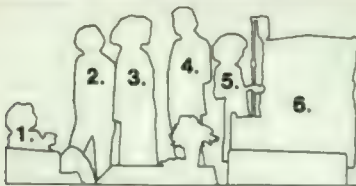
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1978 Public Service Advertisement from HUSTLER Magazine



A look at a cocktail party. And almost everyone has clean lungs. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** No. She's Miriam Rich. The only bulge she looks for inside a man's pants is his wallet. Lit up a cigarette once to blow smoke in a cheapskate's face. **2.** Nope. That's Art Deco, an unsuccessful artist. Collects paint-by-number oils. Considered smoking. Figured he'd die young and become famous. **3.** No. She's Polly Ester. Designs holes in T-shirts for

punk-rockers. So removed from smoking she thinks lung cancer is the name of a punk band. **4.** Nope. He's Taylor Mayde, king of the discos. Knows if he smokes, both his feet and heart might miss a beat. **5.** Not Mary O. Andretti, the racing freak. She's a driving instructor at a go-cart track. The only smoke she'll tolerate comes from an exhaust pipe. **6.** Right. This deadbeat has been smoking Camal Filters all his life. Used to be a star outfielder. Was nicknamed the "Vacuum" because he caught everything hit his way. Now he can't even catch his breath.

**Camal Filters.**  
**They're not for anybody.**



**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

For information on how to stop smoking, write your local cancer society.



# Bits & Pieces

**E**very once in a while a White Knight enters the political arena to fight on behalf of Goodness and Righteousness and all the principles that John Wayne holds dear. But these crusaders are few and far between. Daniel Webster was one. William Jennings Bryan was another. Sam J. Ervin, Jr., is the latest.

If Watergate was bad for the country, it was good for Sam Ervin's public image. The former senator from North Carolina presided over the Watergate Committee hearings like God at the Last Judgment, and Ervin deliberately encouraged that impression by appearing on national television with a Bible at his side.

The Watergate scandal was short on heroes, and the media leaped at the chance to deify the jowly senator. If anyone was considered to be qualified to cast the first stone, it was Good Sam.

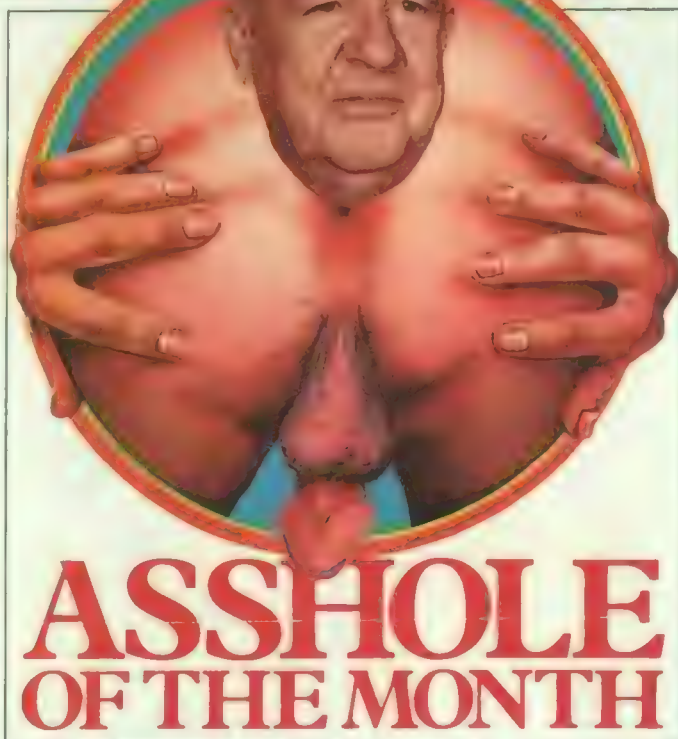
It's amazing how quickly Americans—especially liberals—forgot that Sam Ervin had sparred with Attorney General Bobby Kennedy over civil rights and that Ervin had opposed all civil-rights measures introduced in the Senate from 1957 to 1968.

In Ervin's words, civil-rights legislation "robs all Americans of basic rights by conferring specially created rights upon minorities and by subordinating the rights of all to the demands of these minorities."

Sounds good, except that this very rationale was used to subjugate a whole race of Americans, and the "rights" that Ervin was talking about were only the same rights that white Americans already had.

In 1956, Ervin told *Look* magazine that, in his opinion, segregation was "not the offspring of racial bigotry or racial prejudice." Instead, he maintained, segregation was merely "a fundamental American freedom—the freedom of selecting one's associates."

He, of course, was playing with words. Certainly everyone



*This column is not intended to pass judgment or to condemn. Its aim is to spotlight certain questionable people, examine the fruits of their labor and let HUSTLER's readers draw their own conclusions. Although we'll be doing this in a lighthearted manner, we'll be pulling no punches.*

has the right to pick his friends. But Ervin was suggesting that the government, through programs like segregation, had the right to tell you in advance who your friends are (people of your own race) and who they are not (people of other races).

Ervin's motives in opposing civil-rights legislation were, understandably, good ol' southern politics. His stand on segregation endeared him to his constituents during the '50s and

ensured him a lifelong career in the U.S. Senate. He might still be on Capitol Hill if he had not retired in 1974.

But Sam Ervin never really retired from the public eye. He has continued to oppose civil-rights legislation, notably the Equal Rights Amendment. In December 1977, when President Jimmy Carter tried to gain some momentum for the ERA by extending its ratification deadline, Ervin opposed the

measure by using the most transparent ploy of all: arguing that Congress could address itself to a Constitutional amendment only once.

The senator has denounced the ERA, saying it would destroy the family—a stand for which he was named American Father of the Year by a group called Females Opposed to Equality. We hope there are better ways to strengthen the family unit than by forcing women to stay at home through economic intimidation.

Ervin's strongest objection to the ERA concerns the draft: "If you want to persuade me that women want to be drafted and sent out like the men to face the bullets of the enemy and to have their fair forms blasted into fragments by the enemy's bombs, you are going to have to send some of the sweet young things . . . up here to persuade me on that point."

We would like to remind Ervin that we now have an all-volunteer army, and as far as women not being willing to risk their lives and limbs for their country, we're sure a number of front-line nurses and other female military personnel would be glad to argue with him.

Yet despite his disapproval of the Equal Rights Amendment, Sam Ervin employed more women in responsible, high-paying jobs than any of his colleagues in the Senate. It was his personal belief that the end to discrimination comes about not by passing laws, but by altering the "discriminatory state of mind." But Sam was naive to have assumed that most of the nation shared his progressive views of equal opportunity for all. Sometimes cultural evolution needs a little prodding.

Sam Ervin retired because, being in his late 70s, he feared his mental capabilities were deteriorating. That may indeed be happening, as shown by his blind adherence to antiquated social theories. Equality of the sexes is the wave of the future. The ideas espoused by the White Knight of Watergate belong to the Dark Ages.





# UPDATE



## SCREW OBSCENITY TRIAL

October 1976

The federal obscenity retrial of *Screw* Publisher Al Goldstein and his former partner, Jim Buckley, has ended with a hung jury. The seven-woman, five-man panel deliberated for three days before informing U.S. District Court Judge Frank Theis that it had become deadlocked, at which time Theis declared the mistrial and excused the jury.

The new trial was delayed on two occasions because of Goldstein's health. Goldstein and Buckley were originally tried in 1976 on charges of mailing obscene material to Kansas, but Theis declared a mistrial, ruling that some of the prosecutor's closing remarks were prejudicial. At press time, prosecutors had not decided whether to bring the case—generally considered federal harassment of an anti-Establishment publication—to trial for a third time.

Photo by Al Goldstein



## POTTY TRAINING SUCCESS

Some people who've seen it think that Larry Flynt's lavishly decorated bathroom is a sign of extravagance. But they don't know Larry very well, because we can tell you that he's a low-key, unpretentious character.

Actually, with mirrors in his john, he can raise a few inches off the seat and watch as each tapered turd squeezes its way into Columbus's sewers. The shitter's French-style cane seat is part of Larry's practical approach to living, and permits conversion of the bathroom into extra living quarters should an overabundance of guests show up at the mansion.

Another of Larry's economical moves is to use prefolded toilet paper, some of which is visible in the foreground. Delivered each day, it eliminates the need for costly ass-wipe dispensers, which Larry has always had trouble refilling. So to those who see this photo as proof of a rich man squandering his hard-earned cash on trinkets, we say, "Blow it out your ass!"



## CHILD ABUSE

October 1977

To goad the federal government into action on child abuse, *HUSTLER* Editor and Publisher Larry Flynt appeared to give testimony before the U.S. House Judiciary Subcommittee on Crime.

Calling child abuse a social, rather than criminal, problem, Flynt pledged his magazine's profits—some \$20 million a year—to study the conditions that lead to child abuse and ways to combat the malady.

Besides testifying in Washington, Larry has addressed legislative groups in several states on the matters of child abuse and child pornography.

In an additional effort to inform the public, a reprint of the article *Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents* has been mailed to citizens and public officials nationwide. The pamphlet is available by writing to Child Abuse, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

## PET PROJECT

L.A. artist Steve Douglas has his own ideas about man's best friend, but he wouldn't tell us what they are. He did say that

paintings like this one are a deviation from his normal duties—doing industrial art and free-lance work for educational and media customers.

Steve is now getting into animated art, and in the meantime he expects to be producing more of this type of illustration. We wouldn't be surprised to

find most of them showing large-breasted women, one of Steve's fetishes. He also told us he likes his work to picture male chauvinism, but we don't find any of that here. Obviously, this is a painting of a St. Bernard that can't come into the house until his mistress finds her contact lenses.





# BUGGED CONVERSATION

"HERE'S ANOTHER  
MESS YOU'VE GOTTEN  
US INTO."

"SORRY, OLLIE.  
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU  
COULD PICK UP  
SOMETHING THIS  
DISGUSTING FROM  
A TOILET SEAT."

# 10

## MOST WANTED WOMEN

Well, readers, it's time again to pick the ten famous women you would most like to see pose for **HUSTLER**. Because none of them has accepted doesn't mean you should quit trying, however. Chicks like these enjoy playing hard to get—and the more often you ask, the better your chances of getting them to please you.

Any famous woman is eligible. Vote for your favorites by sending a list to *Ten Most Wanted Women*, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067, before March 8, 1978. When the votes are tabulated, we'll offer the ten winners \$1 million each to pose for us.

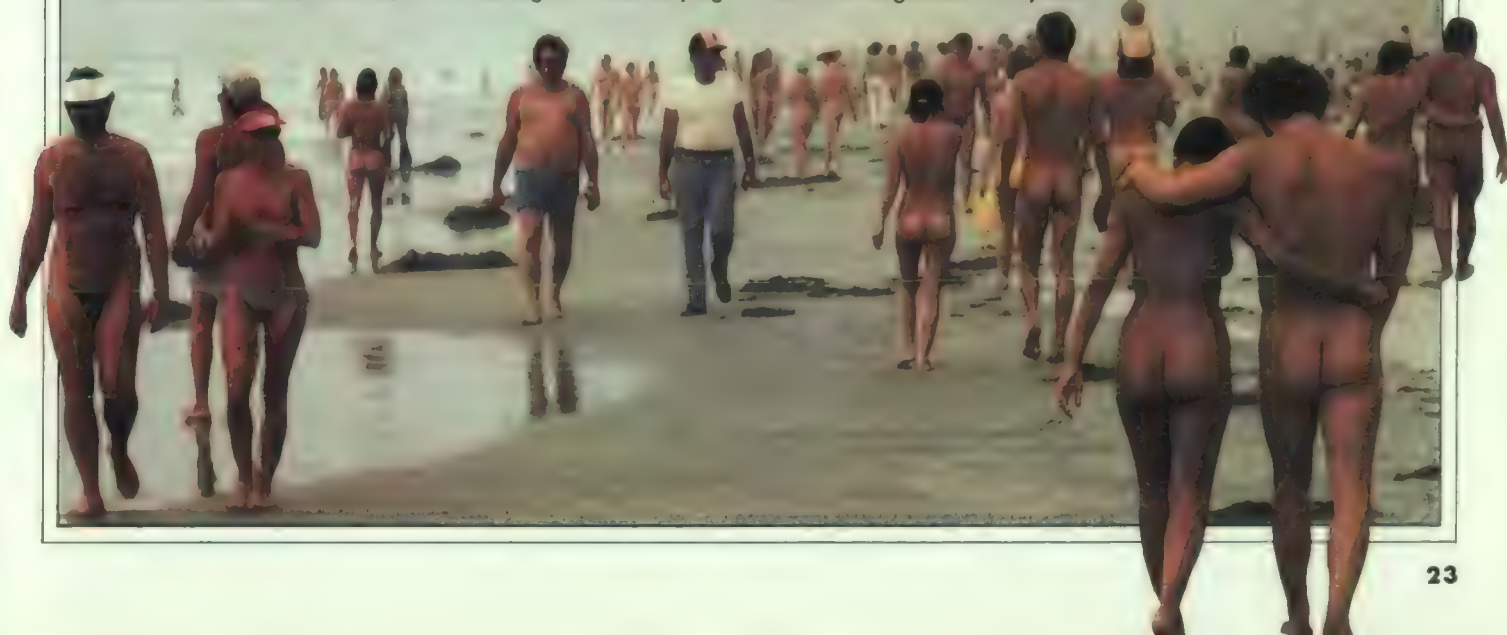
By the way, we have one simple request. It helps if the women you vote for are still alive, so whoever it was who voted for Moms Mabley last year, please refrain.

Black's Beach, the nation's only "swimsuits-optional" bathing spot, was recently denuded by San Diego citizens in a special referendum. Deputy Mayor Lee Hubbard declared, "Nudity may be acceptable in certain private situations, but certainly not on a public beach where people opposed to public nudity, and children, are, in effect, captive audiences."

Nudism enthusiasts, however, are not taking the decision lying

## Coverup California-Style

down. Six members of the Nude Beaches Committee (NBC) allowed themselves to be ticketed for violating the ordinance. Their aim is to take the issue to the courts. Still, San Diego sun-lovers are not overly concerned about the ban, since they feel people will continue to do what they please anyway. In Santa Barbara, for example, there are ten nude beaches—and nudity has been illegal there for years.





# HUSTLER Goes West!\*

Let me tell ya a story 'bout a man named Flynt,  
Poor mountaineer, hardly ever had a cent.  
Then one day he was photographing cooze  
And up from Columbus sprang a magazine with views ...  
Beavers, that is ... Pink Gold! Texas Twat!

The next thing you know ol' Flynt's a millionaire,  
Staff people said, "Larry, move away from there."  
They said California is the place you oughta be,  
So he loaded up his truck and moved to Beverly ...  
Hills, that is ... Century City! ... New offices!

We'll still be producing everybody's favorite mag,  
And you can still reach us without any snag.  
Just write to 2029 Century Park East,  
38th Floor in old Los Angeles ...  
California, that is ... 90067!  
Oh, yeah!

\*Sung to the tune of *The Beverly Hillbillies* theme.







# EAT YOUR LIVER

Ever wonder what the Galloping Gourmet dreams about? More than likely, it is something juicy, kind of dark and meaty, and sprinkled with just the right touch of spice.

Come to think of it, it's probably no different than what the

rest of us dream about, except he doesn't want to screw it. He wants to baste those luscious thighs, and then roast the whole goddamn thing in his oven. Well, we say, "To each his own." After all, one man's meat is another man's honeymoon.

## CHIC THRILLS

Before we moved to Los Angeles—near our sister publication, CHIC—we decided to sneak a look at the competition we'd be up against. One of the first things we checked out was the *Mystery Guest* for April, and good golly, Marie, it's one of our favorite TV entertainers.

What other hairy high jinks are the boys at CHIC planning?

Well, here's a peek at an April CHIC photo-spread, which just goes to show that this doggone lust for bald-headed women is spreading quicker than rabies at a dog pound. CHIC is \$2.25 for a single copy or \$22 for a year's subscription from their new address: 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.





# BANANA PEEL

Punk-rocker Sterling Houston of the Fleshtones may not be a banana freak, but he uses the fruit in a freaky way. At the San Francisco Civic Center Arts Festival, Houston went through his routine of tearing away his black codpiece to reveal a banana, which he then peeled and shared with his band while it performed a number. Punk-rock fans go ape over this kind of monkey business, but such tricks aren't punk rock's only appeal. A lot of people like the music too.



Nice tits, huh? Which men's magazine did these appear in? *Time*. That's right, the same magazine that ran a cover story about the plague of pornography. Yes, the magazine that writes stories about sexual material in a disparaging tone once again proves it is in the tit business too.

Of course, *Time* can claim that these pictures are "art," since they accompany a story about new fashions created by Sonia Rykiel, who conjured up the white outfit; Kenzo Takada, who came up with the breast-baring blue number; and several other designers.

This kind of soft-core sex is sure to keep readers looking for new issues of *Time*, the kind of respectable publication men and women can get a slight sexual thrill from without being embarrassed to ask for it at the newsstand.

We don't care if *Time* starts running nude centerfolds, as long as it admits that the magazine, just like a number of others, uses tits and ass to increase its sales.

# COWHANDS' REVENGE

Even movie stars can learn something from high-school yearbooks, as the crew of the former TV hit *Bonanza* demonstrates here. Adam, Little Joe, Ben and Hoss are employing the age-old photo trick of "slip 'em the finger," by popping their middle digits in ordinary hand-in-the-pocket or hand-on-the-hip poses.

No doubt this was a response to those endless promotional photo shootings. One of our astute readers spotted this boyish prank on a Viewmaster reel (B4711, "A Pink Cloud From Old Cathay") and immediately directed our attention to it.

(Although the reel we have in our possession is marked "out of print," requests can be sent to Viewmaster, GAF Corporation, 140 West 51st Street, New York, New York 10020.)

What far-reaching effects will this photograph have on television viewers? Will we ever be able to take Ben's advice seriously again? Will Little Joe teach his daughters on *Little*



*House on the Prairie* the same trick? Will Hoss speak to us from beyond? We don't know.

We do think the four should report to the principal. This is no way to act in front of foreigners.





If there had been an A&P in Sodom or Gomorrah, it probably would have looked a lot like *The New Centurian Bazaar* (12812 Garden Grove Boulevard, Suite 1, Garden Grove, California 92643). This deviant department store sells absolutely everything you'd ever need for a truly interesting get-together with your bedmate or insurance salesman.

The Bazaar has an extremely wide selection of bondage gear, sex aids, latex and leather clothing, films, books, magazines and hundreds of items imported from over ten countries. Write them or stop in and browse, but you'll have to restrain from shoplifting, or Igor, the store detective, may give you a demonstration of bondage equipment, even if you don't want one.



## Don't Squeeze the Vendor

Few fresh fruit and vegetable stands are now in operation, and this may be one reason. Because of the high cost of farm-fresh items, vendors have become increasingly agitated by shoppers who merely manhandle the produce.

"What customer wants a tomato that's been touched by an old crone like this one?" our

street salesman asked. In retaliation, merchants are giving such thoughtless shoppers a sample of meat along with the plant items. We're not sure if this plan will work. Repeated checks at this stand show that there are many women squeezing the hell out of everything on the cart with no intention of buying anything.

## HELPING HAND

You've finally got the chick nude and she's hot for you, but your prong's been rigid for so

long you have to take a piss. But will she still be hot when you get back? If you have an original Addams couch, she will be. On your way to the pisser just give the sofa arm a nudge, and for once the furniture gives you a hand.







## Blow Job

"Blow me," he said. So she did. It was the chick's first attempt at giving head, and she was a

little unsure how to do it. She figured she'd inflate his ego and give him a big head by doing exactly as he told her. "Help me pop my nut!" he said next. So she took a stab at it.



## BRINGING UP THE REAR

Employees at Exxon's Bayway Refinery in New Jersey here demonstrate a new wrinkle in labor-management relations. The 11 men, protesting the suspension of a co-worker who mooned his foreman, are out to show that cake-flashing isn't as heinous a crime as it seems.

Said one mooner: "We only

wanted to show the boss we still like him. He can even kiss my ass if he wants to."

We think there's a lesson for everyone in such a healthy attitude. We all have to work for a living, and when the shit backs up on the job, dropping trousers is as good a way as any to release it.



## DEEP DRAIN

Once you couldn't get a plumber to make a house call, but now you can't get the bastard to leave. As this picture shows, a

lot of pipe-wipers like to hang out and wait for something nice to sneak their snakes into.

On the other hand, maybe he isn't a plumber at all. He *could* be a blind wrench thief who thought the toilet was an elevator and wanted to go down. Either way, he's got disgusting manners. Everybody knows you wash your hands before meals.

## MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



*HUSTLER* pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for *Bit & Pieces*. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. Submissions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. For March, \$100 each to Gregory French, Clay Geerdes, Martin Konkus, Ken Maielli and Dave Patrick.









# HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

## A. Show Me!

This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

#2605 \$12.95

## B. Desire

This collection features Ron Raffaelli's artistic photography, which glorifies and captures the true essence of eroticism. The book combines over 100 photos, many taken on the sets of his recent films, with noted quotes from famous people who praise love and sex.

#2675 \$14.95

## C. First X-Rated Coloring Book

This book introduces an unusual concept in adult entertainment. It combines the pleasure of looking at ancient and modern erotic art classics with the childhood joy of coloring pictures. Each book is 11 1/2" x 11 1/2" and contains an 11 1/2" x 22 1/2" centerfold.

#2653 \$5.95

## D. Sexual Positions

Break up the boredom caused by constant use of the conventional intercourse position. Through the use of more than 300 explicit photos, this unique text will teach you novel approaches to fulfilling your lover.

#2642 \$9.95

## E. Dirty Funnies

Take the eroticism and mystique of pulp pornography out of the adult-book stores and bring it into your home with this collection of five dirty comics. Stocked with hundreds of illustrations, these comics will titillate, arouse and entertain you all at the same time.

#2677 \$8.95 (set of 5)

## F. Masturbation • The Art of Self-Enjoyment

Learn exciting techniques available to help you improve your sexual satisfaction. This liberated book contains not only a factual review of the art of masturbation but also more than 190 photos portraying men and women in acts of self-sexual release.

#2613 \$15

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## MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

### Playgirls of Munich

 Porn sequels are few and far between, and for good reason: rarely is there any demand for them. *Playgirls of Munich* is no exception. *Playgirls* is the follow-up to *Dutch Treat*, a somewhat shoddy hard-core film that made little, if any, noise at the box office.

Filmed in Europe, they presumably cost a good bit of money to make, because director Navred Reef imported American porn stars Roger Caine and Zebedy Colt for the male leads. It's now apparent that he justified the expense by spreading the cost over two films. *Playgirls* had been planned as a sequel whether *Treat* was a hit or not.

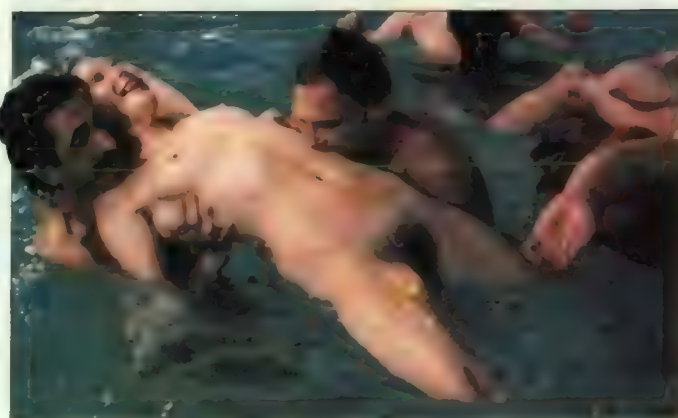
Naturally, the films are similar in style and technical quality. But while the acting is more professional in *Playgirls*, and the women are much better looking than those who appeared in *Dutch Treat*, both films share a grainy print quality, an uninspired script and bedroom settings that look like a Brooklyn apartment.

The *Playgirl* story line is merely a continuation of the one in *Treat*. The "ugly American" telephone company employees, Chuck (Caine) and Barney (Colt), arrive in Munich after stowing away on an airplane. Once again, they're broke and hungry for sex.

They get into one scrape after another, and barely escape with their lives. But they always manage to get their nuts off—well, at least Chuck gets his nuts off. (Viewers of *Treat* will recall that in this Dean Martin/








'Playgirls of Munich' has a titillating, Teutonic approach: Mein Kunt.



*HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make certain that you are getting the real thing.*

## RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**  
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**  
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**  
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**  
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**  
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.


Jerry Lewis-type team, Chuck is the ladies' man, Barney the carnal klutz.)

What sets *Playgirls* apart, though, is its gorgeous female cast. The women are all German, which means blond hair, schoolgirl bodies and smooth, white skin. Particularly attractive is fetching Gretchen Kolber, who befriends the boys and fucks them at various times. Few of the women have speaking parts, but what little acting is demanded of them is done quite well.

Unfortunately, the sex in *Playgirls* is of the old-formula variety. With the exception of one scene (in which Barney is nearly smothered by a pair of *zaftig frau* tits), the sex predictably builds from couples to threesomes to foursomes to an orgylike finale that features anal sex. The erotic antics are handled well, however, and there's action aplenty.

If you can get off watching a lot of beautiful German women fucking and sucking crass "ugly Americans," *Playgirls of Munich* will at least hold your interest. But when you come right down to it, this is a film for porn addicts only.

### Cinderella

 One of the offshoots of the hard-core film trade has been the tamer, but nevertheless X-rated, "adult fairy tale," a genre made popular by last year's *Alice in Wonderland*. These films are aimed at couples—an audience that isn't ready for raw sex footage, but still has an interest in celluloid erotica. The latest and most refreshing entry into this market is *Cinderella*, a soft-core flick that presents an entertaining mix of simulated sex and horny humor. *Cinderella*, like *Alice*, is a musical comedy. It is de-



lightly scored and presents some production numbers reminiscent of Broadway. The plot follows the original story, but with slight alterations that allow the filmmakers to cultivate the necessary bawdiness.

For instance, the fairy godmother, instead of being a kindly miss, is a black homosexual. And instead of just *dancing* with Cinderella (Cheryl Smith) at the ball, Prince Charming (Kurt Scott) *screws* her. After the ball, he goes off looking for the lady whose foot fits the tiny glass slipper and whose pussy is a "snapper"—tight and stimulating. All in all, it's a wild, funny, promiscuous rendition of the tale.

*Cinderella's* production values are, for the most part, top-shelf. The sets and the costumes are elaborate, and the acting is first-rate. Even the good-looking, buxom women who fill the flick speak their lines with authority. The script is cute, but not cutesy. The camera work is professional, with well-planned angles and sharp images. All in all, the film's only shortcoming is the lack of hard-core sex.

There are at least two versions of *Cinderella* floating around the country, both pretty soft. The X-rated print features only simulated sex, while the R-rated is so mild there's not a pubic hair to be seen.

Originally, *Cinderella* was shot with rough footage. But so much of it had to be cut for the final print that the film seems disjunctive. At one point a woman is drifting down toward a man's cock, but just as she gets close to it the film cuts to her head moving back up toward his chest. Needless to say, this can be frustrating.

While *Cinderella* may disappoint those of you used to unabashed eroticism, it may be a good film for a sexually shy girlfriend. She may even fuck you because you took her to see it.



'The Lure of the Devil's Triangle': Twat from the Twilight Zone.

## The Lure of the Devil's Triangle



For thousands of years man has answered the call of the sea, but when director Phillip Ronald and his crew went to the sunny Caribbean to film *The Lure of the Devil's Triangle*, it was a total washout.

While countless films have featured underwater sex scenes shot in swimming pools, *Lure* is the first flick to use the ocean depths as a setting for hard-core celluloid action. Unfortunately, aqua isn't Ronald's color. The novelty of undersea sex isn't enough to make this film an erotic winner.

With meager sexual activity, a ridiculous and undeveloped plot, and poor acting, the Jacques Cousteau aspect of the film could have been *Lure's* saving grace. But cameraman Giancarlo Formichi—who supposedly has worked with Italian filmmaker Federico Fellini—turned in a perfor-

mance as limp as the rest of the crew's and blew the film's only chance for glory.

In the briny deep, Formichi used a dirty camera aperture, amateurish focusing techniques and inconsistent qualities and concentrations of lighting. And the submerged sequences were filmed better than those shot out of water.

In addition to poor-quality filming, Ronald's direction, if any was given, failed to include the wide range of

camera angles one can employ when filming two people completely suspended in water. The only obstacle to filming couples copulating in the ocean from every conceivable angle is ignorance, and that bit of flotsam is as evident in *Lure* as bobbers at a lake well stocked with fish.

The plot centers on the male lead's passing interest in the Bermuda Triangle. By the time Jack (Mike Cone) reaches the Triangle in his cabin cruiser, he believes his body houses a soul from the lost continent of Atlantis. The movie gives no reason for this transformation, but we do get the usual assortment of mysterious equipment failures and foreboding music designed to get that idea across. They don't.

The closest *Lure* comes to presenting anything unusual occurs when the girlfriends of Harry (Scott Davies) and Jack are attacked and raped by men from Atlantis. These creatures first appear as sharks, but through the magic of film become fanged, water-breathing men. However, there's nothing kinkier than doggy-style sex.

While the girls—Victoria Lee and Pat Rivers—are unimaginatively assaulted by these fish-people, Harry and Jack are so dazzled by an underwater swimming

'Triangle' throws a wet blanket on porn; it's 'Sea Hunt' with sex.





performance by two nude women from Atlantis that they discard their scuba gear for a chance to get at the pair. But nothing erotic comes of this venture, and the men retrieve their equipment and return to the boat.

Later, after the ravaged girlfriends have left for dry land, the two mermaids from Atlantis are captured and kept in a plastic kiddie pool on the deck of Jack's boat, where they take turns giving Jack blow jobs. Harry, pissed at being left out, kills him and throws his body overboard. Then the mermaids do in Harry, adding two more bodies and a cabin cruiser to the growing toll of the Bermuda Triangle.

Producer Robert Angove's first venture into the world of feature-length erotic films is marked by the ineptness of a landlubber at the helm of a fine sailing ship. The idea of doing an undersea fuck movie was good, but no one bothered to carry it out on film, leaving Angove with a high-priced loser and sand in his shoes.

—Tim Conaway

## The Secret Dreams of Mona Q



Porn filmmakers sell a new star in the way pimps sell virgins. Usually it's just a tacky old broad with a railway tunnel between her legs and callouses for lips.

But director Charles Kaufman must have told me five or six times that *The Secret Dreams of Mona Q* was Monique Cardin's first erotic film and that her husband didn't even know she had made the picture.

After screening *Secret Dreams*, I hope her husband never finds out—I want to see that little blond baby doll again. I didn't get to see enough of her this time.



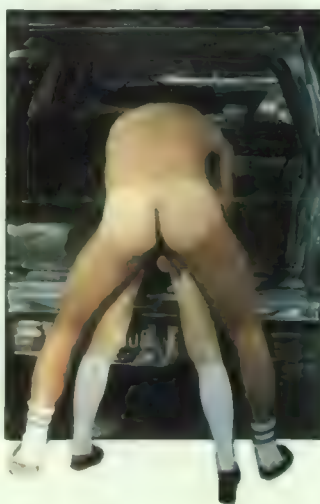
'Mona Q': Two dreamland nymphs go down on the horns of a dilemma.

*Secret Dreams* revolves around the fantasies of Mr. and Mrs. Bob McKenzie, played by Wade Nichols and the baby doll, respectively. They have a normal American marriage, which means their sex life is about as exciting as dog shit. Only in their dreams do they let go, and it's their dreams we see on screen. What better way to stuff in as much sex as possible without a plot?

The only problem is we see more of Nichols's fantasies than Monique's. I'm not above watching a guy who looks like the Winston Man screw his way through a bevy of secretaries—especially when two of the girls are as adept at eating each other's twats as Rose Taft and Alexandra.

But what I really wanted

'Mona Q': Virginal eroticism.



to see was somebody grabbing Monique's tits with both hands, then squeezing hard while stirring her bowels with a rock-hard phallus. Unfortunately, the direction fails to provide Monique with ample opportunity for hard, out-and-out sex action.

For the most part, the filming and editing are good. Some of the fantasy segments get a little confused, but that's the trouble with imagination. Personally, I can always do without the ultra-close-ups of the old in-and-out. They always remind me of two Brillo pads fighting over a hot dog. But Kaufman keeps the filming steady, coherent and in focus. What more could you ask from a director?

For starters, more of Monique Cardin. I really believe that this was her first picture. She was too charming, too interested in giving her lines true feeling to have been in the business for long. Her sexual response—although she doesn't scream—is refreshingly enthusiastic. Monique had a chance to live out her fantasies by acting in a sex film, and it appears she had a great time doing it.

Should you see this picture? Of course! It's probably as close to screwing a virgin as you'll ever get.

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.



### Erection

Barbara Broadcast  
Big Thumbs  
Desires Within  
Young Girls  
Hard Soap, Hard Soap  
In the Realm  
of the Senses  
Jail Bait  
Kinky Ladies  
Odyssey  
Punk Rock!  
Seven Into Snowy  
Sex Crazy



### Three-Quarters Erect

A Coming of Angels  
Bel Ami  
Breaker Beauties  
Count the Ways  
Portrait of Seduction  
The Jade Pussycat  
The Spirit of  
Seventy-Sex  
The Violation of Claudia



### Half Erect

Dutch Treat  
Feelings  
Hard Candy  
Inside Jennifer Welles  
My SeX-Rated Wife  
Reflections  
Swedish Minx  
Sylvia



### One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long  
A Teenage Pajama Party  
Foxy Lady  
Long Jeanne Silver  
Overnight Sensations  
Sharon  
Underage



### Totally Limp

Cherry Hustlers  
Cinderella 2000  
Let My Puppets Come  
Reunion



# BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

## Dreams Die First

By Harold Robbins  
Simon & Schuster  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, New York 10020  
\$9.95



Harold Robbins, the world's best-selling author, has written another blockbuster. Not since *The Carpetbaggers* has there been such an exciting story of international intrigue, love, sex, power and money.

The story is based on the life of a men's magazine publisher, Gareth Brendan, who starts out with a weekly newspaper and parlays it into a publishing empire. Along the way he becomes involved with the Mafia.

Robbins's keen awareness of the sexual revolution and of the cultural changes that have enabled pornography to reach the majority of the population gives him valuable insight, thus allowing him to breathe unusual realism into his story.

Many of Robbins's other novels, from his first (*Never Love a Stranger*) to the one that immediately preceded *Dreams* (*The Lonely Lady*), are based on real-life characters. That is, one can almost identify the real personality in the fictional portrayal: Howard Hughes, *The Carpetbaggers*; Henry Ford, *The Betsy*; Adnan Khashoggi, *The Pirate*; and Jacqueline Susann, *The Lonely Lady*.

However, when it comes to *Dreams Die First*, all the publishers of men's magazines will be disappointed because Robbins failed to immortalize any of them. He has simply written another very fascinating story that will undoubtedly entertain millions of readers.

—Larry Flynt



'Lesbian Sex' is the kind of book that gives homosexuality a bad name.

## The Joy of Lesbian Sex

By Dr. Emily L. Sisley  
and Bertha Harris  
Crown Publishers, Inc.  
Distributed by  
Wehman Brothers, Inc.  
Morris County Mall  
Cedar Knolls, New Jersey  
07927  
\$12.95



Although the authors of *The Joy of Lesbian Sex* pretend that they are writing a sex manual, the book is really nothing more than a tract, a kind of Knute Rockne pep talk for lesbians. The book emphasizes the sins of men, not the alternatives for women.

Because of Sisley's and Harris's eagerness to wave the bloody shirt, the reader is likely to come away from the book with the idea that most of the fun of lesbianism

stems from bitching, whining and generally getting even with the cruel world.

Perhaps the most succinct example of the authors' thinking is the definition of "sexism," which appears toward the end of the book: "totally unfounded belief in the superiority of males." From this we learn that sexism, like rupture, applies exclusively to men, it being impossible to have a "totally unfounded" belief in the superiority of women.

In the same paragraph, by the way, we learn about "heterosexists." Heterosexists are people who believe in making it with the opposite sex only, and who are therefore guilty of being "somebody who just hasn't had much experience of sexuality." If we interpreted them correctly, Sisley and Harris mean to point the finger at people who haven't experienced homosexuality.

The female reader who may turn to this book precisely because she is interested in gaining a little experience will be disappointed: Only the most basic information is presented. The sex techniques recommended by the authors are unoriginal, and the semi-hard-core visuals (52 sepia etchings, 24 in full color) that accompany the techniques are authentic to the point of reproducing the standardized look affected by lesbians. That is, plain.

Anyone of goodwill can't help being sympathetic to the plight of gays in a society that treats them so badly. As Sisley and Harris point out, "homo-haters" are often closet sex-haters.

Yet apparently it hasn't occurred to them that this knowledge cuts both ways. It is as unsound to make bogeymen out of straights as it is to blame all the evils of the world on gays. You may be able to fight fire with fire, but you can't conquer stupidity with stupidity.

## The Joy of Gay Sex

By Dr. Charles Silverstein  
and Edmund White  
Crown Publishers, Inc.  
Distributed by  
Wehman Brothers, Inc.  
Morris County Mall  
Cedar Knolls, New Jersey  
07927  
\$12.95



*The Joy of Gay Sex* purports to be "an intimate guide for gay men to the pleasures of a gay life-style." This phrase, which appears on the dust jacket as a subtitle, sums up the book's strengths and faults. The authors seem to have defined to their own satisfaction just what a "gay life-style" is, and having made their decision, write about the joy of gay sex as if happiness were a matter of following instructions. These, at least, are the



conclusions drawn by this heterosexual reviewer.

*Joy* would be an excellent primer and probably somewhat of a turn-on for the reader about to emerge from the closet (we're just guessing on this point), but the book seems to emphasize the complete man, not simply his sexual options with other men. While this is not necessarily bad in itself, it does not leave much room for sex in what is, after all, a sex manual.

The authors have overinflated their work by promoting it as a "guide, philosopher and friend to gays, as well as a practical sex manual." Such a manual would have helped; but as it stands, sex is often treated merely as an incidental.

In fact, there are passages in *Joy* that can lead you to believe sex is a sort of bonus attached to being gay, or that sexual pleasure is by no means the chief concern of the reader. It seems we are being told that sex is nice, but style is more important. Still, *The Joy of Gay Sex* is a much better book than *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*.

Both volumes spend a lot of time clearing away the accumulated horseshit with which society has attacked homosexuals. In *Lesbian Sex* the authors take the tack of firing up sympathy for the gay movement by making the reader indignant about the treatment of gays. In *Gay Sex* the course is conducted as if the writers were selling memberships in a health spa; like fat, all the problems of gays can be worked off.

*Gay Sex* is intended to bring the hesitant male reader to the point of accepting his own homosexuality. While the authors are a little too sure of their methods, they have spared us most of the political sermonizing of their lesbian counterparts.

The book is arranged like a dictionary. There are 24 full-color illustrations and 51 sepia drawings, which are of

better quality and more explicit than the color stuff. As in *Lesbian Sex*, there are some Japanese-style prints, which we suspect are phony.

That tells you the story in a nutshell: *Gay Sex* gives you the picture all right, but it is not to be accepted as gospel.

## The Black Book

Middleton Harris, Morris Levitt, Roger Furman and Ernest Smith

Random House, Inc.  
201 East 50th Street  
New York, New York 10022  
\$6.95



Traditionally, our schools have overlooked black history and black culture, and at this late date most of us are only begin-

ning to realize what has been done to America's blacks over the last 400 years. As shameful as the record is, it is even more important that all Americans start to learn about the other side of the coin: what blacks have done.

Although *The Black Book* contains its share of atrocity pictures and horror stories, these are a minor part of what the book is about. The essence is achievement, artistry and courage—the triumphs of blacks.

Achievement and artistry are represented in the many gifts the U.S. has received from its "second-class" citizens. There were black cowboys in the Wild West; a black explorer at the South Pole; and blacks who gave us, among other things, potato chips, hydraulic pumps and new musical

styles. The courage of the people who have given so much and received so little is revealed too. *The Black Book* is truly an amazing and inspiring work.

Whether black or white, the reader will find it almost impossible to fully grasp how black achievements have been covered up or ignored. Were it not for the determined efforts of black writers and scholars we would probably still be unaware of them.

But whatever your race, *The Black Book* will make you angry at having been deprived of so much history. At the same time, it will make you feel glad about the progress in civil rights. This is a big part of the book's entertainment value. The feeling of having made progress is such a novelty these troubled days.

We were particularly interested in the callous racism evident in all levels of popular culture, including songs, plays and advertisements, like the one pictured. While *HUSTLER* Magazine has never balked at running occasional bits of ethnic humor, we try to dole out the satire to everyone in equal measure.

Yet the time was, and not so long ago, when even newspapers and billboards routinely featured racism flagrant enough to make a Klansman blush. As we looked at the antiblack propaganda reproduced in *The Black Book*, we found nothing to laugh at.

Terrorism isn't funny, even if it wears burned cork and a fright wig. Censorship isn't funny either, because whatever the censors may say, they always deal in raw power.

All of the material in *The Black Book* has been censored, kept under the rug too long. Now that we are at last able to examine it, we owe it to ourselves to take a long, hard look so that we may avoid the mistakes of our benighted past.

'The Black Book' displays artifacts of Black America's hidden past.









# SEXPLAY

by John-Michael Williams

In this new age of sexual liberation and social freedom, when people have taken to the streets to demand human rights on all levels, it seems strange that masturbation has remained relatively closeted. Why does it still have so many negative connotations? Why do so many men still feel ashamed to admit they beat off? Even though men supposedly have always had more sexual freedom than women, few males have ever felt really liberated when it comes to masturbation.

Religious and social taboos have helped to weave the complicated web of guilt that so often accompanies the act. Various religious doctrines and spokesmen have labeled it an abominable sin, and its practice has been falsely linked to everything from acne to epilepsy.

The word *masturbation* itself is derived from the Latin verb *masturbatus*, which was composed of *manu* (Latin for "hand") and *stuprare* ("to defile") or *turbare* ("to disturb"). From the beginning, "masturbation" has had difficulty becoming a synonym for "self-love," which it is.

Psychologists have all had their say at one time or another in regard to the subject, and they all seem to agree on one thing: The guilt and shame that sometimes linger in the wake of masturbation are damaging to a person's mental health.

Masturbation is, therefore, not the enemy; the real culprit is sexual repression. With a greater understanding of ourselves and our needs, we can now work to defeat the negative feelings that sometimes cloud what should be a naturally rewarding and healthy practice.

Sensitivity-awakening exercises are a good way for a man to become aware of his erogenous zones. For some time now the women's movement has been encouraging women to examine their genitals in a mirror and to otherwise explore their own bodies. It is the nature of most

*Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*



## MALE MASTURBATION: COMING TO GRIPS WITH OURSELVES

men to be somewhat inhibited about doing likewise, and that's the first hurdle to clear.

The realization that these exercises can have a positive effect on your sexual enjoyment—alone and with others—should make the whole thing easier to swallow. The exercises, like masturbation itself, should be done in private so you can be perfectly relaxed, comfortable and unafraid to emit sexual noises or to assume different positions.

Begin by removing all your clothes and lying on a bed or on the floor. Run your index finger over your entire body, starting with the tips of your toes. Vary

the pressure of your touch in order to find the degree of sensitivity of each area. Pay special attention to your toes, ankles, backs of the knees, navel, nipples, nape of the neck, ear lobes, nose and eyelids.

These zones are very sensitive on many men, and you may be surprised to note your response when exploring them. Reserve manipulation of the genitals and anus until last, since these zones will no doubt produce the most pleasing sensations. To touch them early may confuse reactions originating in other parts of the body.

After you have gone from head to toe with your finger, either dip your digit in warm water or cover it with saliva and conduct the exploration again. The air chills the area, creating a slight, but usually arousing, tension.

You should do these exercises not only when you are sexually aroused, but also when sex is the farthest thing from your mind. If a certain place on your body responds emphatically while in either state, then this is a very active erogenous zone.

After you have discovered new sexually sensitive areas, you are ready to initiate a new attempt at your regular practice of masturbation. A satisfying experience means treating yourself as well as you would treat another person

with whom you are about to make love. Begin by setting the mood. That's right—music, candles, clean sheets, incense. Whatever you do when expecting to make love with someone else, you should do for yourself.

First of all, take a hot shower or bath. This helps relax the body without diminishing the sex urge. Lie down in a room where you will not be too cold when nude. Remembering what you learned from the sensitivity exercises, begin by exploring your newly discovered erogenous zones.

Self-foreplay is a practice few men have mastered, but the masturbation ex-



perience can last an hour or more with skillful foreplay. This is a delightful alternative to the customary five minutes or so that many men spend masturbating. And, in fact, the longer the foreplay, the greater the buildup of sexual tension and, therefore, the greater the release during orgasm.

Don't be afraid to insert a finger into your anus. This is painful only when you are not relaxed. Success at stimulating the prostate gland, an extremely sensitive organ in most men, means getting past the anal sphincter and into the rectum. When you are tense, nervous or afraid, your sphincter muscle may tighten, which makes penetration difficult or impossible. When the anus is relaxed, however, a lubricated finger can easily slip in, leading to a new form of sexual excitement.

Do not grab your prick and pull up and down on it as if you were milking a cow. A too-firm grasp will often dull the sense of arousal. Learn to vary the degree of pressure. Lightly touch the frenum (the thin strip of skin underneath the head of the penis); it is very sensitive and often causes the organ to jump when stimulated.

Arouse the penis until it is fully erect and throbbing slightly, then refrain from touching it altogether for a few seconds. This allows the tension to decrease, prolonging the erection and therefore heightening the experience.

Touch your nipples with one hand and your genitals with the other. Feel various parts of the body while manipulating the penis. The combination of two areas of the body being stimulated simultaneously is often very exciting.

After developing and polishing your

masturbatory techniques, you should find a new quality in your orgasm. The joy should be total—flowing not only from the penis but from the entire body and mind. Orgasms can last not for seconds but for several minutes after your masturbatory procedure has improved and your attitude toward masturbation becomes more positive.

You should begin to experience "afterglow," the pleasant sensation that follows orgasm. It is a combination of total physical fulfillment and real internal contentment. From foreplay to afterglow, you are now able to add a more complete and fulfilling dimension to your practice of masturbation.

It is, of course, true that learning to masturbate well cannot do anything but improve your sexual encounters with other people. It is difficult to assume that anyone can really make love to another person without first being able to make love to himself.

When you have discovered satisfying techniques of masturbation and have learned to stimulate your many erogenous zones, you can then be more responsive when making love with others.

Most people have a little bit of voyeur in them, and although it may be out of the question for you to watch your regular partner get it on with another person, it can often be extremely exciting to watch them masturbate.

Some couples lie side by side and masturbate as foreplay before fucking. Besides being a turn-on to hear and see another person masturbating, it is a practical method of foreplay simply because no one knows your sensitive areas better than you do.

The shy among you may be hesitant

to masturbate in front of another person with the lights on. Fine—so do it in the dark. But one of the best things about doing it in front of someone is the fact that the other person is alerted to the sexual techniques you find most enjoyable. Similarly, a man can learn much by watching his woman masturbate.

Different things turn different women on; some like heavy pressure on the clitoris, others prefer a light touch; some enjoy penetration during masturbation, others focus exclusively on the clitoris. If you're uninhibited enough to leave the lights on and let your lover watch, by all means do so.

Most men have had a hand job administered by an incompetent woman. The manipulation is often more uncomfortable than the blue balls you would be left with otherwise. But a hand job from a woman who knows what she's doing can be infinitely better than one you give yourself.

Her proficiency is, of course, an important factor in determining how much you enjoy yourself, but equally important is her willingness to direct her attention toward pleasing you, and not herself. For the one thing missing from the practice of solitary masturbation is the love and attention of another—something that heightens any human experience, sexual or otherwise.

Masturbating your partner is an integral part of foreplay, but most men make the mistake of engaging in this activity only during foreplay, and then letting their cock carry the load from then on. The penis cannot stimulate the clitoris in most sexual positions, so this stimulation must be manual if your woman is to achieve full satisfaction.

Some women, no matter how much they enjoy sex with a partner, can only get off through masturbation, and routinely follow sexual intercourse by masturbating to orgasm. Some men find this a blow to their ego. It shouldn't be, but that fact might be easier to cope with if, after getting off, a man offers to give his woman a hand instead of rolling over and falling asleep.

The most important thing to remember is that masturbation should be a learning as well as a sexual experience. A healthy attitude toward the act means realizing that it is not a substitute for sex, it *is* sex.

So if you have become a victim of social and religious taboos, or if you are unsatisfied with your masturbatory techniques, take the time to explore, to learn and to grow while becoming acquainted with the lover within. It just may be one of the most rewarding experiences of your life.





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# RACEHORSE HAYNES

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## THE SMOOTHEST MOUTH IN THE WEST

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### PROFILE BY JOE NICK PATOSKI

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*In all modesty, I would have  
to say I'm one of the best.*

*—Richard "Racehorse" Haynes*

**I**f Route 66 didn't cut straight through its innards, Amarillo would have been forgotten long ago as just another tank town inexplicably stuck in the middle of that dull wasteland, the Texas Panhandle. As luck would have it, Amarillo grew into a small city—flat and isolated. Bleakness is felt everywhere, especially downtown, where empty buildings outnumber those with occupants. The fine red dust that fills every vacant crack and corner seems to be slowly burying the place.

Amarillo is not a very pretty town in which to eke out a living. At the same time, it is a romantic setting for the return of the Old West, which is exactly how it appears to me when viewed from the sealed, air-conditioned confines of a powder-blue Cadillac El Dorado full of modern-day

gunslingers. The laments of America's most outlandish singing outlaw, David Allan Coe, blasting over the eight-track don't hinder the imagination any either.

The three gray-haired gentlemen—all immaculately groomed in the finest three-piece, conservatively luxurious suits a tailor could create—aren't gunslingers in the literal sense. But in this day and age they are clearly hit men in the cowboy-style. Actually, their professional titles list them as criminal defense lawyers, and they are all outstanding at their trade.

Take the man guiding the steed—Phil Burleson. He's notorious, if for no other reason than for defending a Dallas strip-joint owner named Jack Ruby. Then there's Dee Miller, one of the few sharp legal minds who admits to living in the northern part



of Texas. Burleson and Miller pale, however, when compared to the square-jawed man riding shotgun. Richard "Racehorse" Haynes is the best legal assistance money can buy in Texas.

Haynes and his colleagues are in Amarillo as members of the \$2-million legal defense team representing T. Cullen Davis, 43, of Fort Worth, a multimillionaire\* on trial for the 1976 murder of his 12-year-old stepdaughter, Andrea Wilborn, in Davis's \$5-million mansion. This was no one-bullet crime of passion, no sir. Davis is also charged with shooting to death Stan Farr, the boyfriend of his estranged wife Priscilla, and with wounding a family friend—all on the same night while supposedly wearing a woman's black wig.

The only witness to Farr's murder, Priscilla Davis, would have been killed too. However, persistent rumors hinted that the plastic implanted in her breasts slowed the entry of the bullet, which still tore into her vital organs. T. Cullen Davis, of course, has impassively denied any role in the shootings.

This is the kind of case that makes Racehorse smile. He has just come off a dull and only partially successful defense of a Texas legislator, O. P. Carillo, charged with felonious theft of state money. Racehorse wants a little saucier action—something on the line of John Hill's defense.

Hill was Haynes's most celebrated court case, meticulously documented in Thomas Thompson's best-seller *Blood*

**The only witness to Farr's murder would have been killed, but purportedly her plastic breast implants slowed the bullet.**

and Money (Doubleday and Company, 1976). In 1969, John Hill, a prominent Houston plastic surgeon, allegedly poisoned his wife, Joan Robinson Hill, and willfully avoided giving her medical treatment, thus allowing her to die. The proceedings were messy, but after numerous motions for a mistrial, Haynes got his client off.

Hill's freedom, however, was short-lived. While entering his home he was slain, obviously by a hired gun. Hill's father-in-law, Houston oil tycoon Ash Robinson, is now suing Doubleday for \$20 million on the grounds that Thompson's book implies he was responsible for the plastic surgeon's death.

Someone in the Caddie comments that Haynes's current specialty seems to be saving the skins of extremely wealthy Texas husbands accused of offing or attempting to off their spouses in bizarre ways. Everyone chuckles while singer David Allan Coe moans about his darling woman who never addresses him by his given name.

Racehorse Haynes is one of that rare breed of legal counsel known as the "superlawyer," whose exorbitant fee is matched only by his huge ego and near-flawless skills in the courtroom. A super-lawyer's services are engaged because

his track record shows only a few losses.

Haynes, according to *Time* magazine, is one of but a half-dozen lawyers in the nation worthy of the "super" designation, in a class with Percy Foreman, Melvin Belli and F. Lee Bailey. But unlike these few peers, Haynes at the age of 47 is still relatively young and just beginning to hit that stride where expertise and experience combine into a creation known as the professional liar.

No line of work, with the exception of medicine or religion, hides behind as much pomp and ceremony as the legal profession. Although idealists and flag-waving members of the Daughters of the American Revolution would like to believe that the sanctimonious process called the American legal system is as pure as the driven snow, those who work within its structure know better.

The law may seem harsh, unjust, corrupt and antiquated to the ignorant who know little about its framework. Those familiar with the law realize that the best lawyers are not the statesmen but the tricksters and persuaders who can bend, shape and exploit the rules of law to their clients' needs. Such abilities come in quite handy: Some legal experts estimate that over 75 percent of those charged with a crime are in fact guilty.

Haynes plays both sides of the fence very artfully indeed. In the courtroom on this particular morning in Amarillo, he interviewed prospective jurors for the Davis trial, apologizing to them before sensitive questions if, in his interrogation, he seemed "less than gallant."

At the same time, the lawyer can be hard or flippant when necessary. There was a reluctant venireman, a dentist who clearly did not relish spending six weeks or more in a courtroom listening to a real-life soap opera—a high-society one at that. The dentist pulled a pretty weak argument that his position in the healing arts wouldn't permit his voting for the death penalty. He was excused. "He just wanted to get back to drilling teeth," Burleson says.

"He was at least a little more tactful than that architect," Racehorse muses. "There was no way he was gonna sit on that jury. Sumbitch claimed that anytime there were more than two lawyers working for the defense, there was bound to be a mistrial. I told him that anytime three architects got together, they designed a federal building." Laughter bursts through the powder-blue Cadillac. Amarillo looks tough, but it can be tamed.

The defense and prosecution were up to their 80th challenge, and only seven jurors had been selected. Despite the tedium, there were few complaints from

(continued on page 50)

\*Editor's Note: According to Ben Keck of the Amarillo *Globe-News*, T. Cullen Davis is the richest man ever to go on trial for a capital crime in the state of Texas and possibly in the United States.







*"If payment is already in the mail, kindly disregard this notice."*






















Dot doesn't look like the domestic type, but she is. She believes in the sanctity of marriage and family—"the cornerstone of our society," as she puts it—and longs for the day when she finds a man to whom she's willing to give herself for life.

Even though she lives in Aspen, a place where pleasure-seekers can get away with murder, she would rather spend an evening at home watching television with someone special than go out on the town drinking, dancing and carousing.

Still, like all women—housewife and harlot alike—Dot harbors some secret desires in her 21-year-old mind: She would like to have sex in a luxurious car or on a roller coaster. If that doesn't square with your image of the girl that married dear old Dad, just remember: Dad knew her better than you ever did.







LARRY FLYNT'S

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# The Chosen Few

Article by John Eskow



Let's suppose that you would like to have 16 Rolls-Royces, your pick of luscious sex partners, and five luxurious homes around the world. And let's sweeten the pot with untold millions of tax-free dollars. Interested? Then give up your dreams of movie stardom. Robert Redford can't live that well. Instead, become a man of God.

Not an everyday man of God, mind you. The Reverend Lester, down at the local church, probably still wears that same pair of Florsheim wing tips you stared at on countless childhood Sundays. The serious money is in mass soul saving, whether it's by Christian pulpit pounding, Indian mysticism or jet-age mind control like Scientology.

For example, in San Francisco, evangelist Jim Jones and his Peoples Temple Christian Church (with a congregation of 20,000) have been receiving much media play in the last few months. He is being investigated by the district attorneys of San Francisco and Mendocino counties and by the California Secretary of State's office regarding irregular property transfers. Furthermore, various church members have charged Jones with using physical punishment and playing tricks on his parishioners to impress them. (Jones claims he can cure cancer.)

Carrying out the probes will not be easy, since Jones is considered an influential figure in San Francisco politics. His congregation has supported liberals such as Mayor George Moscone (who at one time appointed Jones head of the city housing authority), Assemblyman Willie Brown and Sheriff Richard Hongisto.

When *New West* magazine ran a two-part article about Jones and his temple, the mayor's office refused to look into the evangelist, claiming that it was neither "inclined nor equipped" to do so. Jones

has also been trying to cover conservative bases by attempting to befriend leaders of the right-wing John Birch Society.

As the investigations ensued, Jones was holed up in South America, at his temple's 27,000-acre farm in Guyana. But he is just one of many "ministers" who have made a bundle with their churches because millions of gullible believers pour money into them. I don't know if any of these patrons profit from it, but it's damn sure the "holy" men do.

Who are these Chosen Few? Once in a while a flash of scandal illuminates their lives, but the whole scope of their power is hard to imagine. So when *HUSTLER* assigned me to dig up the facts about the men and their movements, I wondered how to proceed.

I needed a cover, since these people—some of whom believe that *Time* magazine is a Communist mouthpiece—were not about to bare their sacred souls to a decadent semi-Jew working for *HUSTLER* Magazine. I had to become someone else—the type of person who would sound trustworthy enough to a Moonie and American enough for a right-wing fanatic. So I became a "jerk."

As a jerk, my job became much easier. The first interview I conducted, with a Jim Nabors type in Tulsa, Oklahoma, confirmed the wisdom of my cover. When he remarked, "It's sex that's destroying this country," right away I answered, "Absolutely! It's worse than ancient Rome!" And soon I was getting some hard information.

I was sinning, of course; but any guilt I felt over my white lies faded away as I learned more about the sins of God's own people. What I discovered, in each case, was power—sexual, financial and political power. And few people have more power in America today than evangelists. Here are some of them: God's Chosen Few.





## Garner Ted Armstrong

While TV channel-hopping late in the evening, you're likely to see the flinty features of Garner Ted Armstrong. Or sometimes it's his father, Herbert W. Armstrong, beaming like an angelic bank president. The Armstrongs run the Worldwide Church of God, and Poppa is grinning for good reason: The Armstrong organization, with a relatively small congregation of 100,000, is one of the richest single churches in America today, grossing over \$60 million annually, *tax free*.

The church operates out of a palatial estate in Pasadena, California—complete with granite walls and onyx columns. It's furnished in Mortuary Chic, which makes sense, since Pasadena is an open-air funeral home. Rich and doddering widows are great prey, and the Armstrongs know how to stalk them.

Herbert W., the founder and brains of the operation, is the one who relaxes the audience. He acts as if the universe were just a long commencement ceremony at which he is quite pleased to be the keynote speaker. Garner Ted, on the other hand, seems grim and troubled. While prophesying that the end of the world is near, the younger Armstrong stares intently from the screen, his jaw set at an angle that ladies, young or old, can't resist.

Back in April 1972, Garner Ted Armstrong was abruptly dropped from TV, radio and promotional appearances. Wild rumors to the effect that he "was guilty of all manner of things, with adultery leading the list" (according to *Esquire*) began circulating, and the church was noticeably reluctant to issue a denial regarding the matter.

Although he has been back on the airwaves since July 1972—after speculation that church income had dropped 40 percent when he was removed—these stories persist. I asked a church spokes-

man, who requested anonymity, about those allegations. His answer surprised me: "Let's just say that the newspaper reports at that time mentioned the subject of adultery. I would find no fault with that."

Startled, I listened to him elaborate. Garner Ted Armstrong had faced "disciplinary action" by the church. I had heard before that it was Herbert W. who blew the whistle on his own son, but the spokesman claimed it was the church's board of trustees that had disciplined the wayward preacher.

I was unsatisfied with this confession. If the church was admitting to Armstrong's adultery, what was the full, true story? Visions of Woodward and Bernstein hovered at my shoulder, saying, "Investigate! Investigate!"

"So the adultery charges were true?" I asked him.

"I find no fault with them."

I paused, cleared my throat and fired off a probing journalistic question.

"Boys or girls?"

No response.

"Widows? Burros? Avocados?"

Our conversation ended right there.



## Sun Myung Moon

The Reverend Sun Myung Moon, a chubby Korean, doesn't look much like God to me—but that's exactly what his followers believe him to be.

When he formed his sect in South Korea in the early 1950s, he called himself "Moon-Jesus." These days his message is strongly antisex; but back then ritual sex was the rule of his church. Fucking the reverend was known as "blood cleansing," and Moon was always ready with his own brand of foaming cleanser. In fact, marriages within the sect were not valid until the bride slept with Sun Myung Moon.

Preaching a bizarre, anti-Semitic theology, Moon made powerful friends in his country's right-wing dictatorship.

(One of these allies, Bo Hi Pak, doubled as a Moon translator and may have been a honcho of the Korean CIA.)

Today Moon commands an incredible financial empire. His investments in New York State and California *alone* in the past few years exceed \$19 million, and he's created a world of subsidiary firms and holding companies that function as a multimillion-dollar shell game for the benefit of the U.S. Internal Revenue Service.

Moon's associates, for example, recently purchased 5 percent of the entire East Coast tuna catch and now publish a daily paper, *The News World*, in New York City. They have interests in companies selling everything from air rifles (Tong Il Industries) to ginseng tea (Il Hwa Pharmaceutical Company).

Moon and his friends have been linked to the bribery and influence-peddling scandals currently being uncovered in Washington; and one consequence of the "Koreagate" investigation may be to finally and completely discredit the reverend.

The House Subcommittee on International Organizations, which is now looking into Sun Myung Moon's attempts to influence Congress, has "reliable" information that the reverend has connections with the South Korean government and the Korean CIA, both of which have been accused of making "campaign contributions" to about 20 U.S. legislators.

In a speech to his cronies a few years ago, Moon stumbled for a moment and revealed his true intentions. He said: "If the U.S. continues its corruption, and we find among the senators and congressmen no one really usable for our purposes, we can make senators and congressmen of our members. I have met many famous, so-called famous, senators and congressmen; but to my eyes they are just nothing. They are weak and helpless. We will win the battle. But shut your mouth tight."

As a matter of fact, on December 29, 1973, leaders of Moon's church—including its president in America, Neil A. Salonen—met in the nation's capital to plan a way to prevent the possible impeachment of the president they called "Archangel Nixon." They hoped to help by showing their own strength and mustering support.

It's hard to decide which prospect is more sickening: having elected officials who accept bribes to change foreign policy, or waking up one day and finding yourself with a Moonie senator or congressman. Either way, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon is a shining example of how God can be used to make money and influence friends.





## Billy James Hargis

Since it's not very surprising to find a powerful fear of sex behind much of theology, maybe it shouldn't be too astonishing to catch an evangelist with his pants down, naked and squirming in a net of his own creation—but still it's a vaguely nauseating sight.

Take, for example, the Reverend Billy James Hargis. A self-described "extreme right-winger," founder of the American Christian College in Tulsa and popular radio evangelist, Hargis once numbered 200,000 families in his flock. His sermons—a simplistic mix of anti-Communist and antipornography catch phrases—were broadcast over 350 stations, and in 1969 Hargis's crusade was publicly endorsed by a close friend, George Wallace.

Hargis, his pudgy face aglow with righteousness, resembles an overfed Clark Kent, and it's easy to see how—before his fall from grace in 1974—he could charm backwoods audiences with his folksy delivery.

He'd warm them up with cold-war scare stories, explain how the Communists invented rock 'n' roll music, and then urge America to "literally censor" all speeches and writings by such "enemies of the state" as Senators Mark Hatfield and Edward Kennedy.

But he saved his greatest outrage for sex—sex on TV, in magazines, in schools. His most popular book—which sold 250,000 copies, but is no longer in print—is entitled *Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?*

The question sounds rhetorical. But on February 16, 1976, Hargis's answer was publicized: Not only was *his* school the proper place, but he was also the teacher, and the sex was as raw as a chafed anus. On that day *Time* disclosed that this self-righteous savior had been fucking students at his college.

He had occasionally slept with a girl,

but Hargis—a married man with four children—found boys divine. Four youths, who provided times and locations, admitted having had sex with the reverend. The sexual encounters took place at Hargis's Tulsa office, at his farm in the Ozarks and—most ironic of all—during tours of the American Christian College's All-American Kids choir.

His trysts might have remained secret except for a tearful wedding-night scene involving two members of his sect. Before the newlyweds consummated their marriage, the wife had a confession for her husband: She'd lost her virginity to Hargis.

"Gosh darn," her husband probably answered, "so did I." Together the deflowered couple decided to make their story public, and Hargis's downfall was imminent.

At first Hargis confessed to college officials, attributing his bisexuality to "genes and chromosomes"—strange language for a fundamentalist Christian who scoffs at evolution.

He said, "I have made more than my share of mistakes. I'm not proud of them. Even the Apostle Paul said, 'Christ died to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'"

If there was a hint of a boast in this Chief of Sinners statement, it soon vanished along with the apology itself. For Hargis reversed his original stance, proclaimed his innocence and blamed "liberals and Communists" for the charges against him.

I interviewed a former close associate of Hargis—who, like my source in the Armstrong case, requested anonymity—and the evangelist himself. My informant described the scene when Hargis was confronted by the accusations.

"He admitted it and blamed the whole thing on his parents. He asked if we could do him one favor, considering his service to Christianity—allow him to say he was retiring due to a heart condition. That was a total fake.

"He cast a spell over those children. One of them described it as 'hypnotic.' And it's left terrible scars on them. The male and female who got married are divorced. The rest had their faith in men of God completely shaken.

"Worst of all, he (Hargis) justified his activities by claiming that David and Jonathan were lovers, based on the Bible." (This belief is shared by some gay churchgoers in various denominations.) "He's going to have to answer to Christ for that."

Hargis himself, in the course of a rambling conversation with me, dismissed the charges as "old business."

"I go on and on," he said, his voice suddenly weak and testy. "That was

three years ago. All I know is, this is the greatest year in the history of the Christian Crusade."

He laid the charges against him to a "power struggle" at the college and sulked when I pressed the matter.

In a more open world, Billy James Hargis would be free to practice any sex act he wanted. He wouldn't need to manipulate the faith of young rednecks to do it. Unfortunately, he's one of those who keep that world from coming.



## Claudius Vermilye, Jr.

Billy Hargis escaped prison—the finishing school of buggery—but the Reverend Claudius Vermilye, Jr., didn't. Vermilye, an Episcopal priest, had a great scam going. It was his Boys Farm, Inc., situated near rural Winchester, Tennessee. Boys Farm was a home for troubled and abandoned youths.

Today Vermilye faces a 25-to-40-year stretch on a different kind of farm, one with the word *prison* preceding it. He's been convicted on ten counts of "crimes against nature" and on aiding and abetting in crimes against nature.

The crimes: fucking young boys, some no older than 11; running a "chicken farm" whorehouse, where his wealthy male friends could fuck and suck in privacy; and filming these gay orgies for nationwide distribution. He sold his wares to the home's sponsors and contributors in Louisiana, Michigan and Connecticut, and as far away as Saudi Arabia. One of those receiving the materials was Richard Halverston, a New Orleans scoutmaster.

A 15-year-old boy, aptly named Tommy Fly, testified to the reverend's seductive wiles. Apparently, Vermilye at first asked the boy to pose nude for photographs, claiming the shots would be mailed to artists around the country to assist them in their painting.

(By the way, don't these guys have the worst come-on lines you've ever heard?



If you or I had to depend on something as flimsy as Moon's "blood-cleansing" routine or Hargis's David-Jonathan rap, we'd go into the hereafter unlaid. If anything, these holy men should be additionally charged with numerous counts of Failure to Provide a Decent Seduction—which is a heavy rap where I live.)

It wasn't a long jump from still photos to filmed blow jobs, often performed on Vermilye himself.

Even here the profit motive was strong. When imposing sentence on the reverend, Circuit Judge Thomas Greer said: "I have taken into account the fact that this crime occurred over a period of four years and was at least partially for profit" (editor's italics).



## Oral Roberts

"Expect a Miracle" is Granville Oral Roberts's favorite motto, and no wonder. His life seems full of miracles, all leading to fame and fortune.

Roberts first dedicated his life to God and good works when, at 17, he was miraculously cured of tuberculosis and stuttering. He immediately joined the Pentecostal Holiness Church and gospelled throughout the Midwest for the next 11 years.

Something must have been wrong, since he eventually settled for a paltry \$55-a-week pastorate in Enid, Oklahoma. When he saw that the best-known preachers were faith healers, Roberts had another miracle: He found he could heal by laying his hands on the sickly, infirm, misbegotten and uneducated people of the Midwest.

By the late 1940s, Roberts was teaching the way of the Lord over two radio stations, and the sheaves and souls started rolling in. Understanding the magic of electronics, he'd exhort his listeners to fondle their radios in order to find God. In 1948, Roberts incorporated himself as Healing Waters, Inc., and by 1955 the religious corporation

was being flooded by 3 million "miracles" in the form of U.S. Treasury notes. No doubt it had also been a miracle to be promoted into the national limelight by L. E. "Pete" White, whose public-relations savvy also made Billy James Hargis a household name.

Roberts was praying, healing, and saving souls on hundreds of television and radio stations weekly. But long before this, in the late '50s, he was able to purchase a 280-acre ranch and a 12-passenger plane, in addition to building a seven-story headquarters for the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association, Inc., the organization to which all "love offerings" are sent.

During the latter part of the '50s, when several religious organizations and the American Medical Association denounced faith healing, Oral Roberts curtailed the practice. Perhaps the death of a diabetic who stopped taking her insulin shots after attending one of his "extravaganzas" helped convince the evangelist to drop out of the "medical" profession and concentrate on building his Oral Roberts University, near Tulsa.

Shortly after the school was completed, Roberts had another of his well-timed revelations: He realized that he wanted to become a member of a traditionally middle-class religion, so he joined the Methodist Church. Perhaps this revelation had something to do with his renounced Pentecostal faith, which teaches that true Christians live a simple life unhampered by worldly goods.

Ironically, when he changed denominations, Roberts's revenue eventually dropped by 20 percent. With an annual operating budget of \$17 million, that decrease no doubt hurt the till, but once again divine intervention saved him. He wrote and published *A Daily Guide to Miracles and Successful Living Through Seed-Faith* (the most successful of his approximately 50 books to date) and another miracle occurred: the money tree blossomed.

Roberts currently reigns as president of his spic-and-span university, where students cannot drink or dance. In addition, the males have to wear shirts and ties, the females dresses. Furthermore, anyone who voices opposition to university policies—the right of college students nationwide—is asked to leave.

Even the admission requirements have a strange kink—overweight applicants are routinely rejected. As one student pointed out, "You feel that God is here," and it appears that Roberts's God of the '70s allows only perfect people to rub shoulders with Him.

Reportedly, Roberts's salary as the school's head is about \$25,000, a relatively meager income for a university

president. But Roberts has no complaints. Why should he? His life has been chock-full of miracles.

Besides the multimillion-dollar income of his association, Roberts was a board member of the National Bank of Tulsa and is now a board member of the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company, a director of the Tulsa Chamber of Commerce, and was given the greatest honor possible: playing golf at the exclusive Southern Hills Country Club in Tulsa. And that's not too bad for a man of God.



## L. Ron Hubbard

Calling Scientology a religion is tricky to begin with. It is electrolysis for the mind. Its method, involving machines similar to lie detectors, is to erase all negative experiences—"engrams"—from the minds of followers. If you've ever had a Scientologist approach you in a bus terminal, you'll notice that a lot of other cerebral material seems to have been erased as well.

Scientology, which has 15 million followers worldwide, is the brainchild of a rich hermit named L. Ron Hubbard. A hack science-fiction writer in the '40s, even then he knew his true calling.

Addressing a writers' conference in 1949, he announced: "Writing for a penny a word is ridiculous. If a man really wanted to make a million dollars, the best way would be for him to start his own religion." Hubbard soon started to fulfill his own prophecy. Indeed, Scientology now grosses about \$1.4 million per week.

Hubbard started off strong. In 1950 he published a best-selling book, *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*. But, unable to follow up on the book's success, he traded quack science for religion, and proclaimed the birth of Scientology by founding his first church in Washington, D.C., in 1959.

Like all good evangelists, he first had to pinpoint his target group—in this



case, miserable and marginally sane young people. (Sun Myung Moon has since opened up fierce competition in this market.)

The Scientologists' technical apparatus and Flash Gordon terminology impress the kids. Grasping the "E-Meter," which is not much more than two empty tin cans connected by a wire and attached to a boxlike electrical device, the beginning Scientologist can feel that here, at last, is a *modern* religion. It comes through a machine. It *must* be true. Scientology charges \$1,000 for about 12 hours of holding two tin cans and being asked questions such as "What is your favorite dog? Which fruit tastes the best?"

Beginners are called "preclears." That means their minds are still clouded by an occasional thought. After long and expensive treatment, they may, if lucky, become "clear."

In the "clear" state, the believers can be programmed to perform almost any act that serves the church's interest. And Scientologists are up front about their love of revenge. Far from being what they contemptuously refer to as a "turn-the-other-cheek religion," they have compiled a list of enemies, known as "Fair Game."

Scientologists are urged to do everything possible to harass those on their enemies list. There's even a directive from Hubbard himself, called R2-45, describing the ultimate method of dealing with "Fair Game": blow out their brains with a .45-caliber revolver.

Church spokesmen refer to this suggestion as a "joke." Maybe so. But then, Scientologists aren't noted for their humor. Charles Manson, for instance, was a part-time adherent of Scientology.



**Billy Graham**

Compared to some of the zany religious types like Moon or Hubbard, good old Billy Graham seems bland.

He is bland—and incredibly rich. His forthcoming book, *How to Be Born Again*, will be issued by Word, Inc., a subsidiary of the American Broadcasting Company, in a first edition of 750,000 hard-cover copies. This will make it the largest first printing of *any book ever published*. And his joyful publishers at Word are planning audio and video cassettes of the book, plus a gigantic paperback, publishing run. And that amounts to millions of dollars.

Graham himself has become something of a god in this country. He began, appropriately enough, as a Fuller Brush salesman back in his native North Carolina. Since becoming a minister, he's acquired 2,000,000 followers in these United States alone.

He uses the basic let-Christ-into-your-life approach, and he's good at it. You *want* to believe Billy Graham—he seems so harmless. Until recently, he's managed to avoid any touch of scandal.

But in June 1977, Graham was reported to possess a \$22.9-million fund composed of large donations from fat-cat followers and corporations. (When HUSTLER asked for the names of these donors, we were told by Graham's organization that their names would be recognizable instantly, although they were listed as "confidential." No matter how you butter your bread, these "confidential" donors are getting a tremendous tax break for their donations, and that's a lot of money in their pockets.)

A Graham spokesman told me that the fund has been duly reported since 1970, and that the giant sum was being "set aside" to build a Billy Graham Center on the Wheaton College campus in Illinois. In the Billy Graham Center newsletter of June 1977 it was stated that "the construction company of J. Emil Anderson and Son will begin excavation in September" (which it did).

The newsletter went on to say that Anderson and Son has erected most of the buildings on the Wheaton campus and that its owner is a member of the board of directors of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. According to Billy Graham, "No board member receives any financial benefit from it (World Evangelistic and Christian Education Fund) whatsoever."

The evangelistic fund just happens to be helping with the building and financing of the Billy Graham Center at Wheaton College. An architect for Anderson and Son said that all the Wheaton College facilities built by the company were done "for cost. It made no profit on them."

When I asked if the company could deduct the construction costs from its taxable income, a financial officer for

Anderson said, "That's a highly personal question; I'm not in a position to make any statement." At this point no fair conclusions can be drawn, except the obvious one—where holy water flows, cash flows too.



**Reverend Ike**

Reverend Ike—real name, Frederick J. Eikerenkoetter II—is probably too slick to ever be humiliated like his unlucky white brethren. His slickness comes not only from those \$700 suits, ruby rings the size of chicken hearts, and wavy, processed hair—his slickness comes from within.

The first time I set foot in Hollywood, so help me God, the first person I saw on the street was Reverend Ike. He looked pretty, in a queenlike way, and he was followed by a slender young male valet who kept whispering into his ear. I stood marveling as they passed me. Ike definitely had his moves down.

Even on TV, Ike's style is openly flirtatious, based on a deep belief in his own charm. In person you can see the permanent smirk imprinted on his face. He looks like the quick-witted little kid who's just conned Grandma into whipping his brother instead of him.

Thus, it's no wonder those old black cleaning women mail him the pitiful few dollars they make scrubbing suburban floors. Reverend Ike is shamelessly open about putting the bite on poor blacks: "Don't give change," he says. "When I hear change in the plate it makes me nervous in the service. And you at home—I know you've got a little money wrapped in a sock somewhere, that you've been saving for an emergency. *This is an emergency!* Send it in!" And send it in they do, at the rate of about \$15 million per year.

Ike, who applies modern banking principles to his gospel, has come up with something called the "Blessing" (continued on page 125)







# ANGEL

## SPREADING HER WINGS

Angel is a Virginia belle who moved north to New York to pursue a modeling career. She says she loves to pose, and the tension and excitement of a shooting session is just part of the thrill of being on her own and living in the big city. "Manhattan is so incredible—a girl can do anything she wants! I'm really trying to open myself up."

In her own apartment, Angel gets her kicks throwing together "special treats" in the kitchen. "My favorite is French Dessert. I cover my boyfriend's cock with whipped cream and he makes me eat the whole thing."

After a dish like that, you'd have to drag most guys out of the kitchen. Angel is a real piece of cake.





















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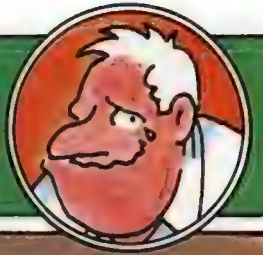








# CHESTER THE MOLESTER



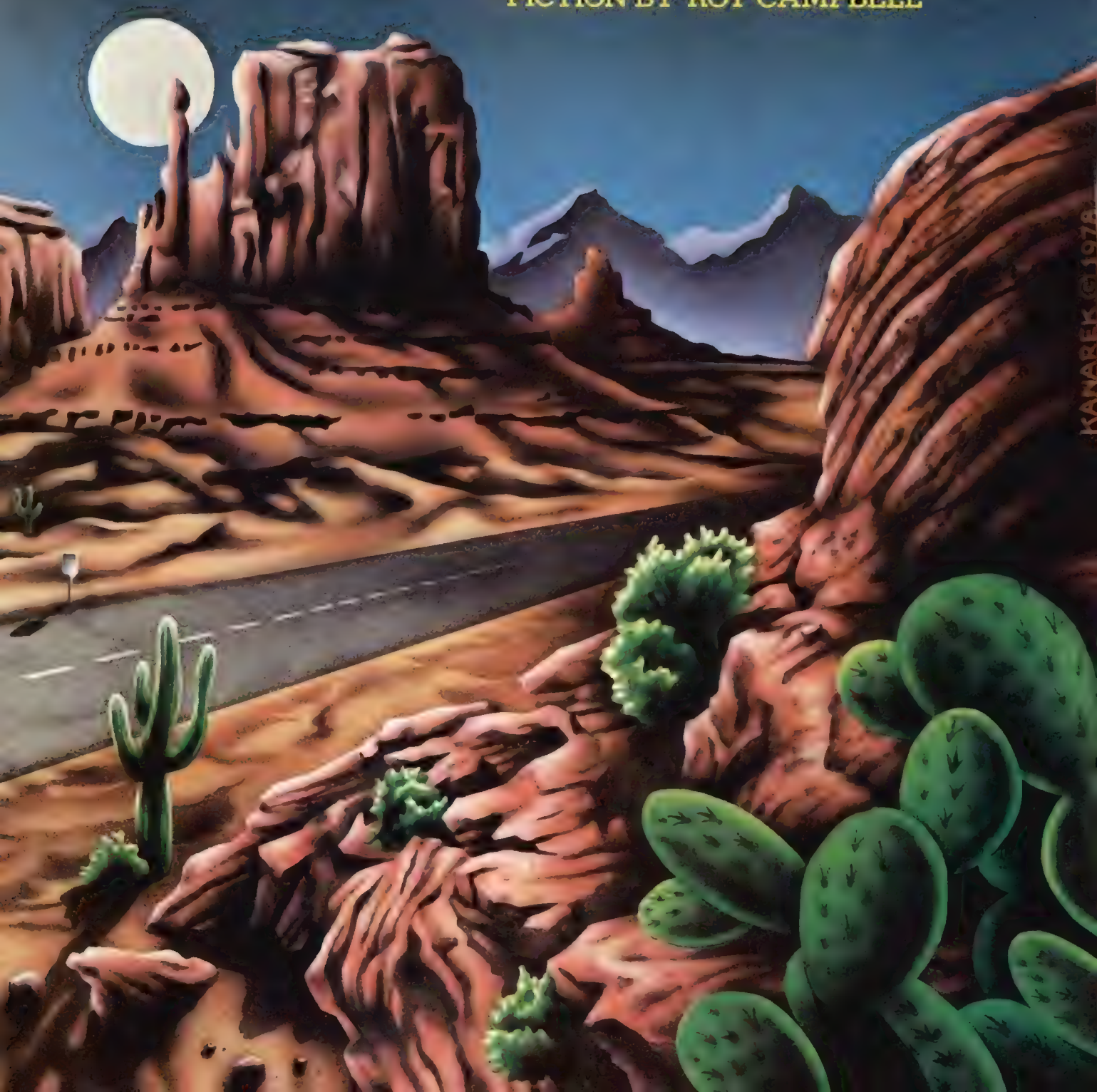






# *Little Skeeter's* GOTTA LEARN

FICTION BY ROY CAMPBELL





For a long time I didn't believe I had actually seen my cousin Ernie and Candy together that day. He walked up behind the girl and put his hands on her ass. She squealed and turned around. After Ernie whispered something in Candy's ear, she smiled and put her face up to his, and then they walked off toward a clump of trees at the edge of our big front yard.

Since I wasn't even four years old at the time, I thought I had imagined the scene. I didn't want to believe it because, as I found out later, Ernie—who at 15 was one year older than Candy—made two girls pregnant that summer of 1953 and had to leave Fort Smith, Arkansas, because of the scandal. And because the girl who kissed Ernie on that cold, clear New Year's Day was not the girl I wanted in my memory.

Candy loved country and western music, especially Hank Williams, whom she planned on meeting some day. She joked that she would walk up to him, sing a verse of "I Saw the Light" and then knock off his cowboy hat.

Anyway, we spent the day at Grandma's house since my family and Candy's were celebrating the New Year together. Late that afternoon Mom, Dad and I got in the car with Candy and her parents and we started home. Mom said Candy held me on her lap, and I put my head against her sweater and fell asleep. When we got back, Dad took me off Candy's lap and into our house. Candy and her family went into their house next door. Mrs. Jett, Candy's mom, later told my mom what happened.

She said Candy went into the kitchen and turned on the little radio on the shelf next to the dining-room table. "I Saw the Light" was playing. Candy sat

*I kissed her  
letter and came  
all over Candy's  
bedroom floor, then  
I rubbed my cum  
into the wood.*

down at the table to listen. Mrs. Jett came in and went to the stove to fix a pot of coffee.

"That's my favorite song of Hank's," Candy told her.

Then the song ended and the radio announcer said Hank Williams was dead. He had died sometime early that morning in the backseat of a car headed for Canton, Ohio.

Candy didn't cry, Mrs. Jett told Mom. She just sat there and looked at the radio, like she didn't believe what the man had said. "Lovesick Blues" started to play. Candy listened to that song. Then she got up and walked into her bedroom. She came out with her coat on and said she was going for a walk. She didn't come back.

Her parents got a letter from her a few weeks later. She said she was OK. She had caught a ride out of Fort Smith with a traveling salesman. She had wanted to go to the singer's funeral but realized she didn't know where it would be held. The radio announcer hadn't said, and the salesman was from New York City and had never heard of Hank Williams. So she just rode with him until he got to Tulsa late that night. Then she got out of his car and hitched another ride and kept traveling. The letter was postmarked Galveston, Texas.

Candy wrote about every six months after that. Whenever Mrs. Jett got a letter, she would bring it over and show it to Mom and Dad. The letters came from Montana, California, Georgia, even one from Canada. She always said she was all right, still traveling, but Mr. Jett said, "Travelin' ain't the word for it. When you travel, you're goin' someplace. That gal ain't goin' nowhere."

Mrs. Jett tried to answer one letter but, after she wrote it, she remembered that she didn't know where to send it. She cried that night, and Mr. Jett came to our house and cussed Candy.

When I was ten they got a letter from Reno, Nevada. Candy said she had a job in the rodeo as a trick rider. She had been training hard for months, she said, and now she was going around thrilling folks with near-falls and crazy stunts.

"I get to wear fancy jeans and blouses, and people say I'm really good, a natural," she wrote.

Mr. Jett was proud of her then. He told Dad and all his friends that his little girl was in the rodeo, but when Dad asked what rodeo and Mr. Jett didn't know, Mr. Jett got mad again and cussed Candy and said she was no good.

It was about then that I started remembering what I saw Candy and Ernie doing. I didn't believe Mr. Jett when he cussed her. Somehow I just knew Candy was a good girl.

As I got older I thought about her more and more. Then one summer day when I was 12, I was visiting Mrs. Jett and I asked her if she thought Candy remembered me.

"Why sure she does. She even mentioned you in her last letter."

Mrs. Jett took me into her bedroom and opened a little box on her dresser. A stack of letters was inside, and she took the top one. She slipped the paper out of the envelope and glanced over it.

"Here," she said, pointing to a sentence as she handed me the letter.

"Skeeter must be getting to be quite a big man by now," Candy had written.

My name is John. Nobody had called me Skeeter in a long time. But I didn't mind Candy calling me that. I reread the sentence a few times. I felt the smooth paper with my fingertips and smelled the nice, soft fragrance it had. The paper was pink, and Candy had written with blue ink in nice round letters. I gave the letter back to Mrs. Jett and smiled. I felt good because Candy still remembered me.

About a month later I did something really bad. Mr. and Mrs. Jett were on vacation. Mrs. Jett had given Mom a key to their house so that Mom could go in every few days and water the plants.

(continued on page 78)





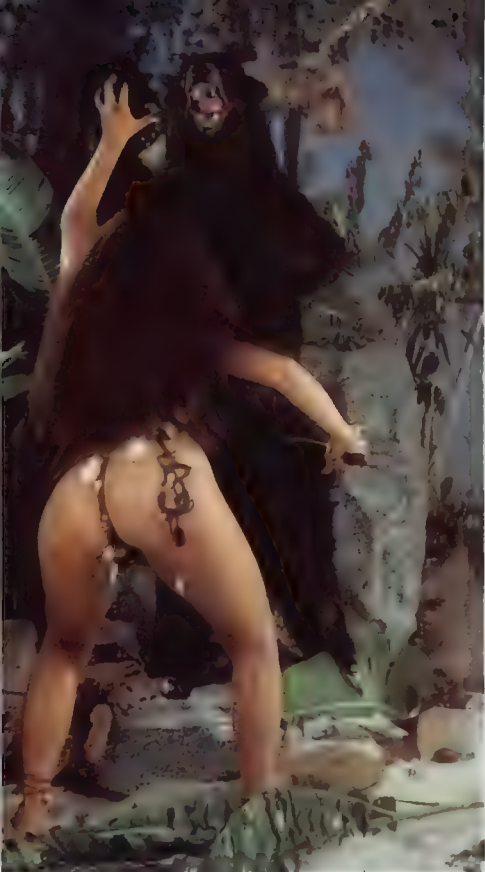
# JUNGLE JILL

Bush  
Baby

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
RON VOGEL







**W**e looked long and hard to find a hairy girl to feature in a photo-spread because our readers demanded it. And 19-year-old Jill showed just the right combination of flesh and fuzz to meet our—and our readers'—needs.



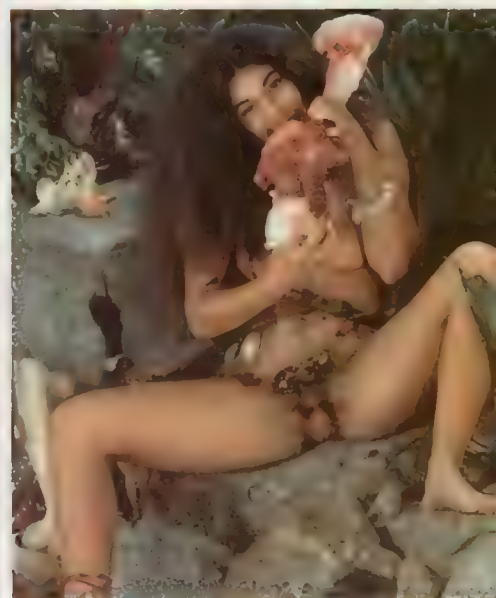
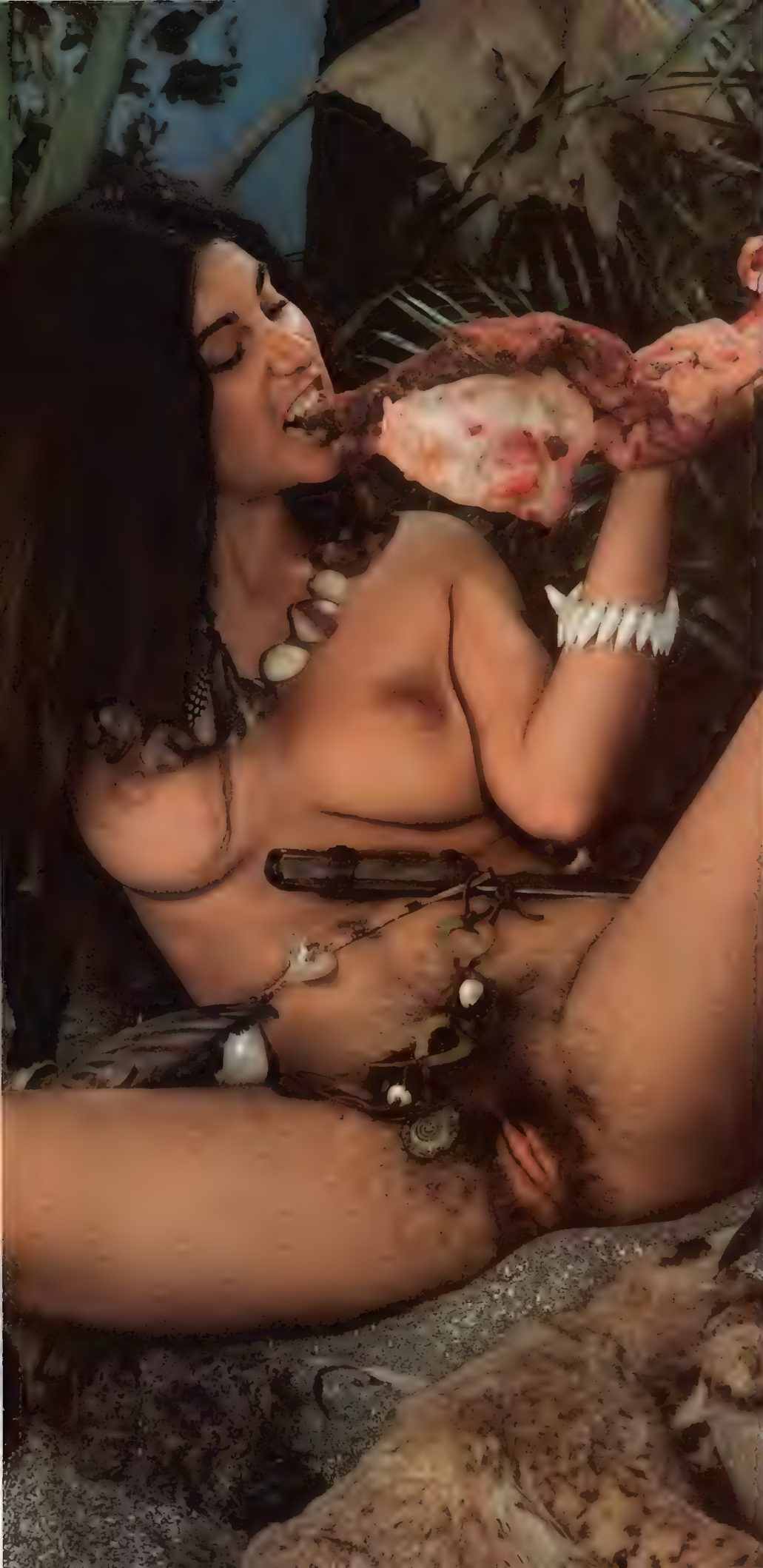












Jill is fond of the natural look, and believes that body hair not only enhances a woman's appearance, but also creates a fantasy in the minds of her lovers. Of course, whether or not a hairy woman is appealing is entirely a matter of opinion. But we doubt that any red-blooded Tarzan would kick Jill out of his tree house. After all, there is some truth in the proverb: "A bush in the hand. . ."









"I freed WHAT?!!!"



walking toward me. "You've become quite a big, handsome fellow yourself."

She smiled at me just like she had smiled at Ernie. Her lips were red and looked soft. I could see a few lines in her thin face, but she still had her freckles—lots of freckles—and I liked that.

"Are my parents around?"

"They moved."

"Oh." She looked down at the ground for a moment. Then she looked up.

"How about your mom and dad?"

"They went out for groceries."

"Shit," she muttered. It just didn't sound right, a word like that coming out of those soft, red lips. But she said it. I figured she had picked it up from rodeo cowboys, who probably cussed a lot.

"You still with the rodeo?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, you might say that," she replied.

I looked back at my front porch. "Candy, do you want to sit down for a minute?" I asked.

She smiled and we walked back to my house. She sat down on the steps and stretched out her stiff left leg. I sat down next to her. I guess I was planning to ask her then, but I don't know for sure. I just knew I wanted to be near her.

"When will your parents be back?" she asked.

"Oh, an hour or two. You know how Mom is when she goes shopping."

"Yeah, I remember. My mother was the same way." Candy sighed. "I can't wait that long. I've got to be in Phoenix by tomorrow night." She was almost sad. I thought she was going to cry.

"I think I could find your folks' address if you want it," I said.

She smiled. "No, thank you, Skeeter. I guess it's for the best anyway. It's been a long time. We probably wouldn't

*I dreamed of  
Candy riding into a  
rodeo arena, and her  
tits were bouncing  
up and down as  
her horse galloped.*

know what to say to each other." She put her hand on my knee. "Well, at least I got to see you."

She stood up.

"I have all your Hank Williams records," I told her. "I play them all the time, and I know every word." I had to talk to her. I didn't want her to leave.

She closed her eyes and put her face up toward the sun. "Hank Williams. He sure could sing."

"Would you like to hear his records again, Candy?"

"I can't, Skeeter. I've got to be going." She reached down and rubbed her hand across my burr. I didn't like that. She was treating me like I was a kid.

I stood up.

"Take me with you."

"Huh?"

"Take me with you. Please! I hate this town. I want to see something besides Fort Smith, Arkansas."

"You're just a kid."

"I'm fourteen. You were fourteen when you left, and you made it. I'll die if I stay here much longer."

"You don't know nothing about death, Skeeter."

"You said I was a big, handsome fellow. I can get a job. Maybe I could learn to ride and join the rodeo too."

Candy laughed at first, then she

smiled. Not smiling like you'd smile at a kid, but smiling like the girls I knew smiled at me.

"Please, Candy, I promise I won't be any trouble."

I was trying not to whine, but I knew I probably was. She seemed to be thinking of something while she stood there looking at me and smiling. I don't know why, but I flexed my muscles in my arms and moved my legs apart to show her the crotch of my jeans.

She looked at it. Then she said, "Maybe I could find something for you to do. You are a nice-looking boy. You like girls?"

"Yeah."

"Have you ever—"

"No." I answered before she could finish because I knew what she was going to ask, and I didn't want her to say a thing like that.

"But you'd like to?"

"I sure would."

She was silent for a few seconds, staring at me with my legs spread and the crotch of my jeans tight. "If you come with me," she finally said, "you'll have to do what I tell you to do. I don't want you crying and feeling homesick."

"I won't cry!" I was angry for a minute. I was a big fellow and big fellows don't cry. She should have known that.

"Aw shit," she said, "come on. I guess little Skeeter's gotta learn sometime."

"I'll get some clothes."

"No need. I'll get you some fancy duds when we get to Phoenix."

"Like cowboys wear?" I hated myself the second I asked the question. That was the kind of thing a kid would ask.

But I guess she didn't notice, because she just said, "Yeah, I think you'll make a damned good cowboy."

She turned and limped back to the station wagon. I ran to the other side and got in the passenger's door. She eased herself into the front seat and pulled her stiff leg in. She turned the key and started the motor, and we pulled out of the driveway.

I sat on my side and didn't say anything for a long time. I didn't want to say something stupid and kidlike, something that would make her turn around and take me back home. So I just looked at the scenery sweeping by and thought how nice it was traveling with Candy.

I wondered what had ever happened to Ernie. Mom and Dad hadn't mentioned him for years. No one in the family had. Somehow, sitting there in the car with Candy, I knew I had beaten Ernie, the great family stud, and I felt good.

When we were in Oklahoma and far away from Fort Smith, I figured I could say something. Candy didn't have the

(continued on page 88)





What is the one force that motivates all of man's behavior? What is it that we crave and desire so strongly, that pushes us to face the world, bust our balls and cut ourselves shaving? What is the one great, omnipotent thing that turns our wheels and makes us want to live? What is it that we all want to get our hands on? Money. Because money impresses chicks. Impress a chick, and her cunt is at your command.

The human beaver is man's relentless obsession. Whether locked in our subconscious while we concern ourselves with more trivial matters, or blatantly manifested by a pulsating hard-on, the lure of labia is what drives men to change their underwear, compose unforgettable music, rob banks, become corporate executives, move furniture, run for political office and buy a copy of HUSTLER Magazine. Show me a woman's genitalia and I'll show you mankind's inspiration.

The reality is that pussy always seems as elusive as the Loch Ness Monster. More precious than gold or even a ticket to the Super Bowl, cunts are definitely in high demand. The cunt—not death—is the great equalizer of all men. Rich or poor, Puerto Rican or white, pinhead or Ph.D., every guy wants one. Yet the cunt remains

HUSTLER'S

# Erotic Beaver Guide

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ALEX EBEL

Commentary by Todd David Schwartz

an enigma, because even though men yearn to be near it, they often do not understand this region of a female's body and may even be intimidated by it. Pussies are wondrously exciting (albeit sometimes smelly) objects of mystery. We here at HUSTLER will try to dispel some of that mystery.

Some people believe that you can get a good idea of what a woman's cunt looks like before you even get into her pants, because there is a direct correlation between a lady's facial features and the appearance of her genitalia. For instance, a small nose may mean a small clit; a big mouth, big labia. Moreover, there are basic pussy types that, oddly enough, we feel correspond to their owners' personality traits, just as the style of your handwriting, the lines in your hand and the contents of your medicine cabinet reveal the kind of person you are. Few men realize that the kind of cunt a woman has will determine the best way to relate to her sexually, such as the best position in which to fuck her.

A pussy is more than a receptacle of pleasure. It is a source of information. Therefore, we commissioned the highly accomplished Alex Ebel to use women from all walks of life in rendering the following examples of 13 actual beaver types.



## THE JOAN CRAWFORD

A loud, demanding woman who  
Controls all that you do:

"Fuck slower, deeper, and don't come  
Until I tell you to!"





**THE FEMINIST**  
*The pussy of a feminist  
 Who likes to be on top,  
 But she prefers to masturbate  
 To make her cookies pop.*



**WINGS**  
*The sensation of a plane ride gets  
 This bird Kentucky Fried.  
 In fact she'll want to spread her wings  
 And let you come inside.*



**THE PUSHOVER**  
*This chick takes orders very well,  
 She likes aggressive guys.  
 Don't act too nice if you expect  
 To get between her thighs.*





**THE APPLE PIE**  
Zestful and fun-loving,  
Physically fit,  
She loves a man's tongue  
On her circumcised clit.





**THE INTELLECTUAL**  
*Her mind is better than her face,  
She may even be a genius.  
She's more turned on by brain size  
Than dimensions of your penis.*





**THE NEWLYWED**  
*Dutifully she loves to grant  
 Her husband's carnal wishes.  
 She'll use the same hot energy  
 When doing all the dishes.*



**THE DIANA ROSS**  
*An independent woman,  
 A strong, career-bound soul,  
 She's blessed with lots of talent  
 And one hell of a tight hole.*



**THE NYMPH**  
*The beaver of a female  
 Who just can't get enough.  
 Her success at being satisfied  
 Is, unfortunately, rough.*

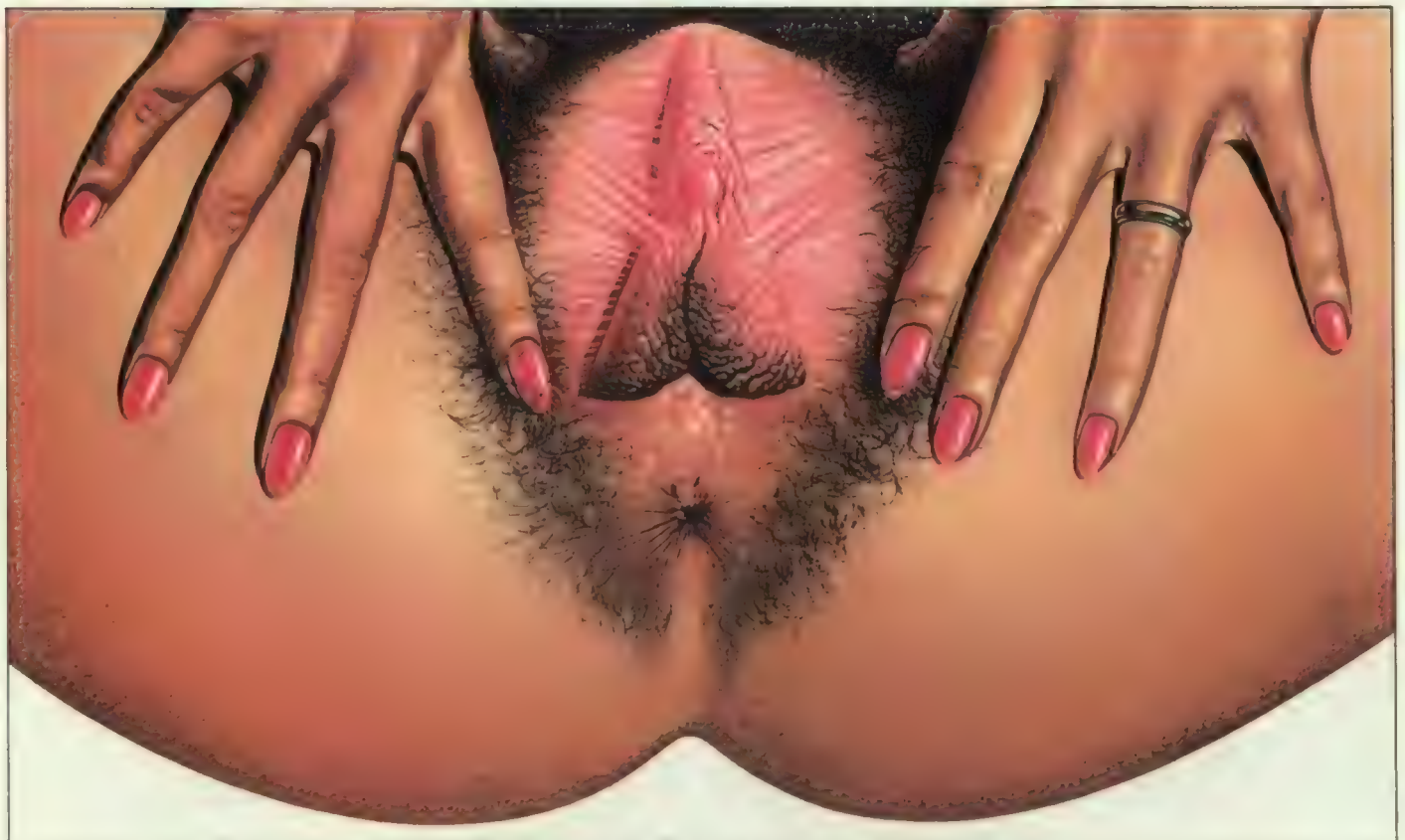




**THE UGLY DUCKLING**  
*This woman thinks her genitals  
 Are ugly and bizarre.  
 So if you build her confidence  
 You'll be her shining star.*



**THE COLD FISH**  
*This gal seems cool and distant with  
 Her savvy, deadpan look.  
 If you're a patient fisherman,  
 She'll nibble on your hook.*



**THE MECHANIC**  
*Sex for her is labor,  
 She never gets a jolt.  
 Matters of coition  
 Are merely nut and bolt.*





**THE FRUITCAKE**  
*She likes to chew on broken glass,  
She belches when she's kissed.  
The kind of man this female needs  
Is a good psychiatrist.*



time to turn around and take me home now. So I looked over at her.

"Candy?"

"Yeah, Skeeter?"

"Your leg? You get hurt from riding in the rodeo?"

She stared at the highway in front of her and didn't answer for a minute, and I thought maybe I had made her mad. I was about to tell her to never mind, it didn't matter, when she said, "Yeah. But I'm going to start working in a different job in Phoenix."

"Still with the rodeo?"

"Yeah. But I'm not gonna ride. I'm gonna be sort of a manager."

We stopped for gas. Candy reached under the seat and pulled out a Thermos and a paper bag.

"Have a sandwich, Skeeter, and pour me some coffee."

I handed her the coffee as we pulled out of the service station. She drank and I ate while we zipped down the highway. I finished the sandwich and sat there, thinking about how free my life was going to be now. I watched the sun go down and a bright, big summer moon appear like magic in front of us.

Later, Candy asked me, "You getting sleepy, Skeeter?"

I was, but I didn't want her to know that. "If you want to keep on going, it's OK with me."

She asked for another cup of coffee and I poured it for her. She sipped it as she drove on. I put my head back on the seat and fell asleep.

I dreamed of Candy in her tight denim jacket. She was riding into a rodeo arena, and her tits were bouncing

*She eased one hand down my chest and onto my crotch again, and I put my hand on her panties. They were sopping wet.*

up and down as her horse galloped in a large circle. And suddenly someone was with her. Ernie was riding behind her on the horse, and he had his hands on her breasts. She dropped the reins, grabbed the saddle and did a fancy jump and twirl. Then she was facing Ernie and kissing him.

I woke with a start. We were pulling into a rest area on the side of the highway. The moon was bright through the windshield. When the car stopped, Candy turned to me.

"We crossed the New Mexico border. I guess I should get some sleep now."

I felt bad because I had gone to sleep and left her without someone to talk to, but she smiled at me with that smile girls use for smiling at guys. So I guessed she didn't mind.

I got out of the car. I went behind some trees, pulled down my pants and squatted and shit. Then I cleaned myself with some leaves. When I came back, she was opening the back of the wagon.

"Get in," she said.

I climbed in and she did too, and I pulled the door shut behind us and locked it. It was hot and close in there, but I felt good sitting beside Candy.

"It's hot," she said. "We might as well make ourselves comfortable."

She unzipped her denim jacket and

pulled it off. Her tits were big and freckled and held only by a white cotton bra. I must have been staring at them because she asked, "What's the matter, Skeeter?"

"Nothing."

"You'd better get used to seeing me like this," she said, smiling again.

"I will."

Candy lay down. I sat at her feet.

"Help me off with my boots, Skeeter."

First I slipped the right one off. Then I took the left one in my hand. I pulled it gently. I didn't want to hurt her leg. When she smiled at me, I tugged harder and the boot came off.

She unhooked her belt and unzipped her jeans. She just looked at me, and I knew she wanted me to pull them off too. She spread her legs and I crawled between them. I reached up to her waist and started to ease the jeans down her thighs. I could see her white panties and the dark hair that was under them. I backed up as I pulled the jeans down her legs and off her body.

I sat there between her legs and put my hand on one of her knees, the left one. It felt like the bones had been mashed together. I looked at it. I was sad, and I decided right then that I had to learn to ride a horse and get a job in the rodeo and support Candy and make her feel good.

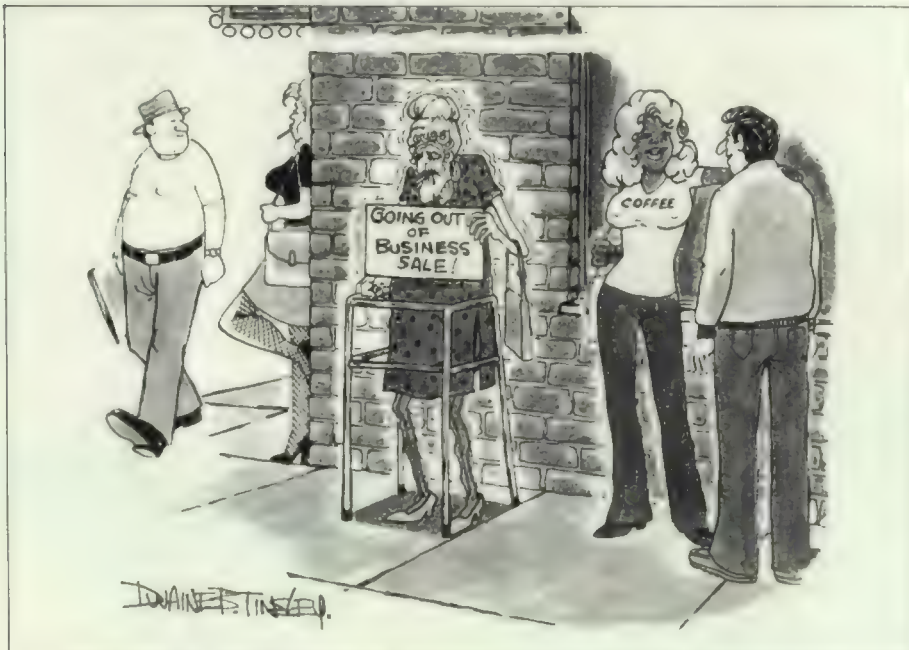
She sat up. "Now let me help you," she said, and she reached out and pulled my T-shirt out of my jeans and started to slip it up my body. I pulled the shirt over my head and threw it into a corner of the wagon. She put her hand on my chest and moved it down across my stomach and onto my jeans.

"You're very big."

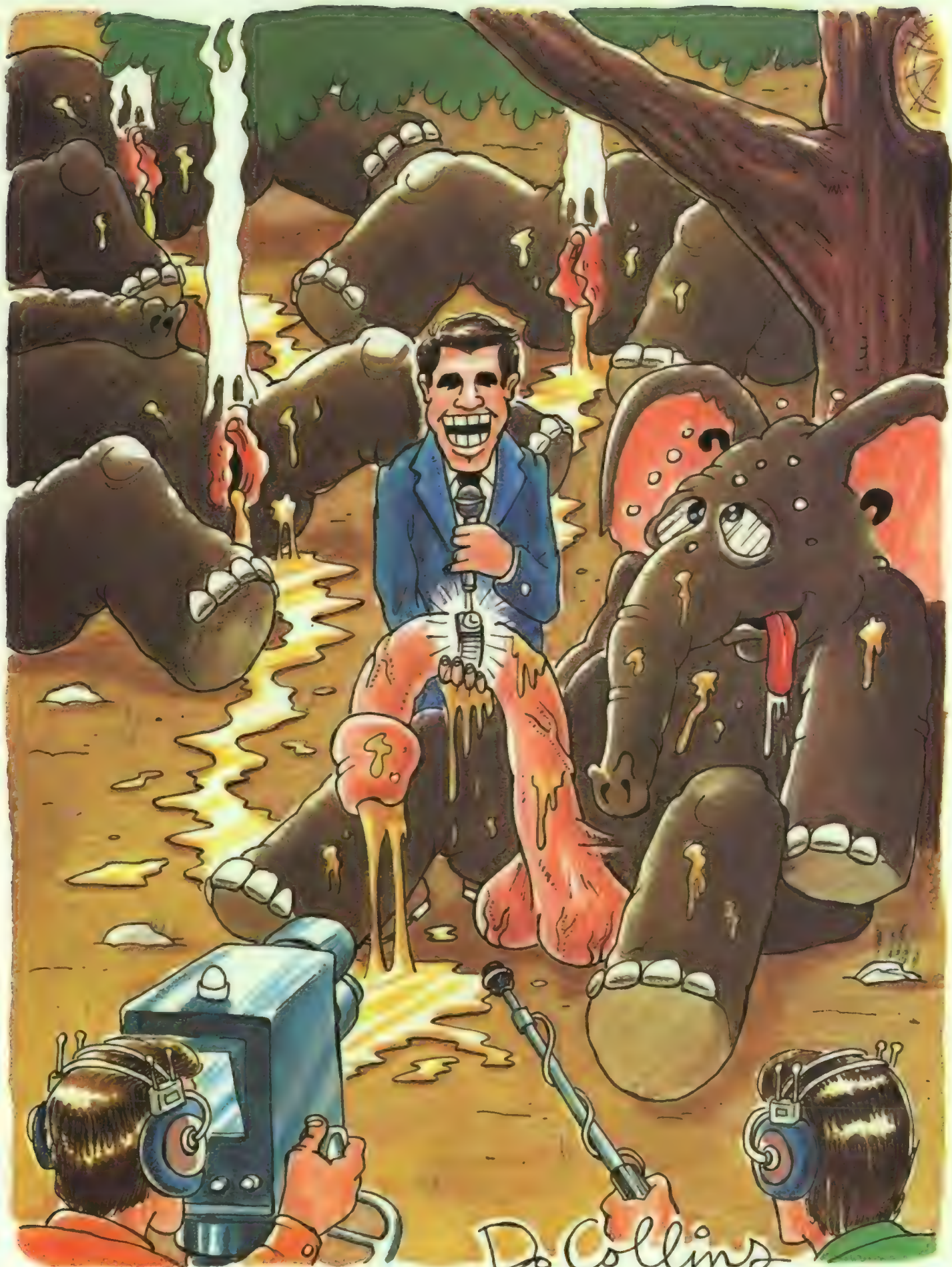
Candy took my head in her hands and pulled it close to her face. She kissed me, better than any girl had ever kissed me before. Her arms went around me and held me close as she opened her mouth and ran her tongue over mine. She eased one hand down my chest and onto my crotch again, and I put my hand on her panties. They were sopping wet.

Then we pulled apart and worked quickly, taking off the rest of our clothes. She finished a few seconds before I did and lay back, holding her arms out to me. I lowered myself on top of her. She folded her arms around me and ran her hands up and down my back as we kissed again. I felt her move. Her hand was between our bodies, pulling on my cock, guiding it into her.

One of her legs curled tightly around my waist, and the other one, the stiff one, went up into the air as I moved into her. I pulled my prick back and forth in her wetness. Her foot scraped the top of the car as we fucked.







"It's still running!"



I didn't say anything. I couldn't think of anything to say. I just ran my face through the long, red hair that curled around her head, and licked the salty sweat from her cheeks and lips.

"You're just a kid," she mumbled, "but I need you now."

Suddenly I was smothering in her hair. I didn't want to hear her call me a kid. I pulled myself up on my arms and kept them stiff, stiff as her leg, while we fucked. Her hands ran across my burred head, and I could tell she wanted me to lie down on her again, but I held myself up and forced my shaft into her deeper and deeper. As I looked out through the windshield, I saw the moon and I wanted to keep seeing the moon until it was all over.

Candy made quick little sounds and my body tingled and her foot scraped the top of the car and the moon was bright and full and looked so far away.

When I shot into her, she held me tight with her good leg. Then she let go, and I eased out and toppled over and lay beside her, looking up.

Then I had to ask her: "You remember Ernie?"

"What?"

"My Aunt Ruth's boy."

"Ernie. Shit, I haven't thought about him for years." She chuckled. "He was the first guy I ever fucked."

Somehow it didn't bother me to hear her talk like that. I sort of liked it.

"He was?" I wanted to hear her talk dirty some more.

"Yeah, on New Year's Day when I was fourteen. We went behind some trees, and I thought he'd never be able to do it because it was so cold. But he did. God, it was cold!"

So it really did happen. "That was the

*I licked the salty sweat from her cheeks and lips. "You're just a kid," she mumbled, "but I need you now."*

day Hank Williams died," I said.

"Yeah, I guess it was."

She turned on her side and kissed my mouth as she slowly ran her hand down to my cock again.

"But don't worry, Skeeter. With a little practice you'll be lots better than Ernie. You'll do fine in the business."

"In the rodeo?"

She started to laugh again and put her head on my chest. "Shit, Skeeter," she said, looking down at my limp prick. "I don't work for no rodeo."

"But you wrote your parents—"

"Honey, that was a joke. I couldn't tell them what I was really doing."

"What do you do?"

She looked at me and kissed my face, but she kept her hand on my cock, rubbing it, making it get hard again.

"Do you know what a hooker is?"

I didn't answer. I just stared at her. But I guess she figured I knew what a hooker was because she didn't explain.

"I'm a hooker," she said. "Or, at least, I was one until I ran into a john who liked rough stuff. He's the one who fucked up my leg. So now I'm going to Phoenix to help recruit girls"—she kissed my cheek—"and guys."

"Guys?"

"Sure. Some rich women would pay a lot of money to spend an afternoon with

a nice-looking young stud like yourself."

"You never worked in the rodeo?"

"Shit, Skeeter, I ain't even been to a rodeo in years."

"You never worked in a rodeo!" I screamed and brought my fist down on the side of her head. She let go of my cock and rolled off my chest.

I hit her again and she started to cry.

"I bet you never even tried to get to Hank Williams's funeral!"

She was choking on blood and tears, but she tried to explain. "I wanted to go... but, but the salesman didn't know who Hank was and... and he offered me money to stay with him."

I was up on my knees, and I brought my fists down on her face and body. I felt the bones of her nose give way. I heard them crack. Then I stopped hitting her. I looked down and cried and tried to catch my breath.

Candy was stretched out like someone dead. Her face was bloody, and the blood was dripping onto her hair and turning it a different shade of red. She turned her head and spit out some teeth and blood, and then she looked at me. In a whimpering voice, she started to sing her favorite Hank Williams song.

"I wandered so aimless, life filled with sin. I wouldn't let my dear Savior in. Then Jesus came like a stranger in the night. Praise the Lord, I saw the light."

I reached for my clothes and unlocked the back door of the station wagon. I crawled out and pulled on my jeans. She was still singing as I crossed the cool highway in my bare feet.

I walked along the other side of the roadway until I couldn't hear her anymore. Then I stopped and put my tennis shoes down and stepped into them. I was holding my shirt in my hand when I saw the lights of a car coming toward me. I threw out my thumb.

A big Buick stopped a few yards in front of me. I ran to it and opened the passenger's door. A fat man was sitting behind the steering wheel.

"Where are you headed to, son?" the driver asked.

"I don't know. Where's Hank Williams buried?"

"Can't rightly say, but I think it's somewhere in Alabama."

"You headed that way?"

"I can take you as far as Yazoo City, Mississippi. How's that sound?"

"Yazoo sounds just fine to me."

I took one last look at the bright moon behind me, and I got into the Buick and settled back as the fat man gunned the motor and took off down the highway. We passed a station wagon parked along the side of the road and, for a minute, I thought I could still hear Candy singing. 🎵



*"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread. Now all I need is some pussy."*



# BONNIE

MUSEUM PIECE



Photography by Clint McLean









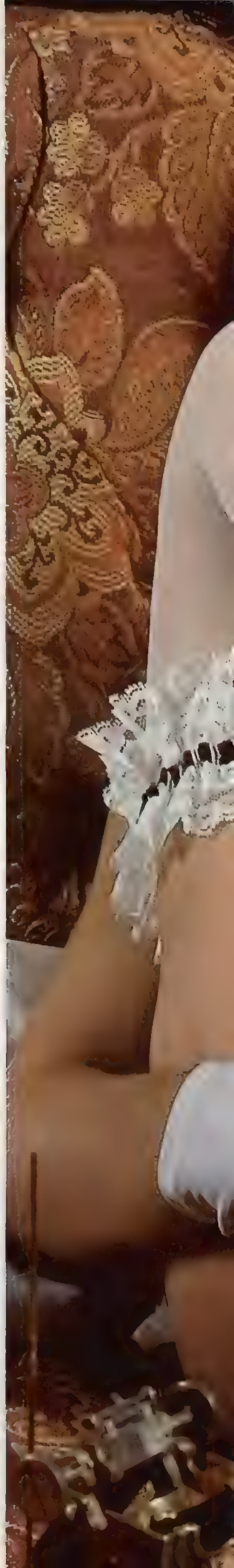
Bonnie says life is a path we must all follow, so why not make it a path strewn with beautiful objects and wonderful experiences?

And for Bonnie, a most important item in her collection is the right man. "I like gentlemen and I like blonds. I like to be treated tenderly, as if my lover's only mission in life is to please me."

When she wants a not-so-tender treatment, Bonnie steps onstage at the Palm Beach nightclub where she is an exotic dancer. "I can stand on stage and feel the heat from a roomful of males whose only desire is me! It's as if their energy fills my body and I become the sole object of their passion. There are hundreds of men who would give anything to spend even a moment with me."

Like a curator of precious artifacts, Bonnie acquires and revels in the sensual. But her body is her greatest treasure. And Bonnie would rather possess than be possessed.





















# EROTIC TAPES

Whoever said that silence is golden obviously never heard an erotic tape from **LEASURE TIME**. Available in both 8-track and cassette, each tape reveals an explicit fantasy that is sure to enhance any sexual activity you're engaged in.

If you're looking for a sound track which captures the realistic sounds that are only heard when making love, punch in an erotic tape. These tapes contain some of the finest groans heard since Kate Smith sang "America" to our boys overseas.

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When a teenage girl starts out baby-sitting and ends up at a wild Hollywood orgy, heaven knows if even her priest can help her control her new-found desires.

### FLY UNITED

The adventures of a stewardess doing her part to satisfy the passengers on a flight from New York to San Francisco.

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Faculty and students in an exclusive girls school were willing to spread their legs to learn what could not be taught in class.

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Ride with a trucker named Tom, who finds sex action at every truck stop.

### APARTMENT #69

Young, beautiful girls caught in the web of sexual depravity, then turned out on the streets to make money for the Mafia.

### TRUCK STOP ROSIE #2

Rosie meets her young nephew and discovers it's fun to teach a youngster about sex.

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Sixteen-year-old nympho discovers sex is not only fun and pleasure, but also profitable.

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Laura's biggest kick was making it with a stud in traction, but she could find a way to make it with any patient.

### CONFESSIONS OF A MOTEL MANAGER

The Hot Pillow Motel was just the place for a peeping tom to set up his cameras and watch every kind of sex perversion in the book.

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\_\_\_\_ 3706 \_\_\_\_ 3707 Finger-Licking Good  
\_\_\_\_ 3708 \_\_\_\_ 3709 Brown Sugar  
\_\_\_\_ 3710 \_\_\_\_ 3711 Country Club Wives  
\_\_\_\_ 3712 \_\_\_\_ 3713 Bi-Girls  
\_\_\_\_ 3714 \_\_\_\_ 3715 The Boys in the Bonds  
\_\_\_\_ 3716 \_\_\_\_ 3717 Sis' Big Brother  
\_\_\_\_ 3718 \_\_\_\_ 3719 Carol's Cum-on Salon  
\_\_\_\_ 3720 \_\_\_\_ 3721 True Confessions  
\_\_\_\_ 3722 \_\_\_\_ 3723 Fly United  
\_\_\_\_ 3724 \_\_\_\_ 3725 Thrill-Seekers  
\_\_\_\_ 3726 \_\_\_\_ 3727 Balls of Fire

TAPE# CASSETTE# TITLE

\_\_\_\_ 3728 \_\_\_\_ 3729 Apartment #69  
\_\_\_\_ 3730 \_\_\_\_ 3731 Truck Stop Rosie #2  
\_\_\_\_ 3732 \_\_\_\_ 3733 Hidden Camera  
\_\_\_\_ 3734 \_\_\_\_ 3735 Police Women  
\_\_\_\_ 3736 \_\_\_\_ 3737 Between the Sheets  
\_\_\_\_ 3738 \_\_\_\_ 3739 Sister Sandwich  
\_\_\_\_ 3740 \_\_\_\_ 3741 Oral Love Club  
\_\_\_\_ 3742 \_\_\_\_ 3743 High School Hooker  
\_\_\_\_ 3744 \_\_\_\_ 3745 Adventures in a Bordello  
\_\_\_\_ 3746 \_\_\_\_ 3747 Charity Nurse  
\_\_\_\_ 3748 \_\_\_\_ 3749 Confessions of a Motel Manager  
\_\_\_\_ 3750 \_\_\_\_ 3751 Butterfield Ate  
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# BEAVER HUNT

As always, the Beaver Hunt is full of exciting new faces this month. Not only that, but we've gone a little farther and added a new gender. For the first time you'll be seeing a male contestant, in response to requests from our many female readers. But we haven't forgotten our male Beaver fans by any means. Not only have we gathered a mouth-watering collection of American lovelies, but we have included a couple of snapshots sent to us from Denmark, where people know good erotica when they see it. HUSTLER really is the magazine for the whole world.

Why not help to show the world that we aren't all ugly Americans? Send us a sharply focused color photo (no black and whites, please) of your favorite model in

the nude, along with a short personality profile. Coax her or him to be as candid as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release on page 104. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. If we publish your submission, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If chosen as best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your entry may be offered a chance to appear in one of our pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature your lady, she'll receive a \$1,000-\$1,500 modeling fee. Go for it! You could do yourself a world of good.

A housewife, 19-year-old Trish Scarboro of Cumming, Georgia, has always dreamed of being a sex symbol. This shot will help make her dream come true.



Photo by Graham Scarborough

Photo by Bill Taylor



Pam, 22, hails from Bloomington, Indiana. A drama major at Indiana University, she likes gymnastics, dancing and making love with photographers for whom she models.



Photo by W. S. Golladay



"Bambi," as this 19-year-old university employee from Everett, Washington, likes to be called, is into sex in a big way. Her hobby is getting laid and she has high hopes for a porn career.

We're not sure of Stella Stink's age, but this Gainesville, Florida, resident keeps active. When indoors, she likes to dress up as a cat and piss on people. She also gets off smelling up local parks. Stella would like to make it with Richard Nixon.



Photo by Jim Williams

Photo by B. Traven



Blanche, 24, a Massachusetts model, is into photography, boating and swimming. She has always had a yen to be a stripper for one night and, for her finale, would make it on stage with a man from the audience.



Sanne Boldemann, 18, is a waitress in Denmark. Tattoos give her sexy fantasies, the latest of which is having pearls in her cunt. Hmmm.



Photo by Rye Nilson

Photo by Heinrich R. Nilson

A native of Wichita, Kansas, 24-year-old Maureen Bachar, a dancer, spends her free time horseback riding. Maureen says a loving atmosphere is all she needs to get the most out of sex.



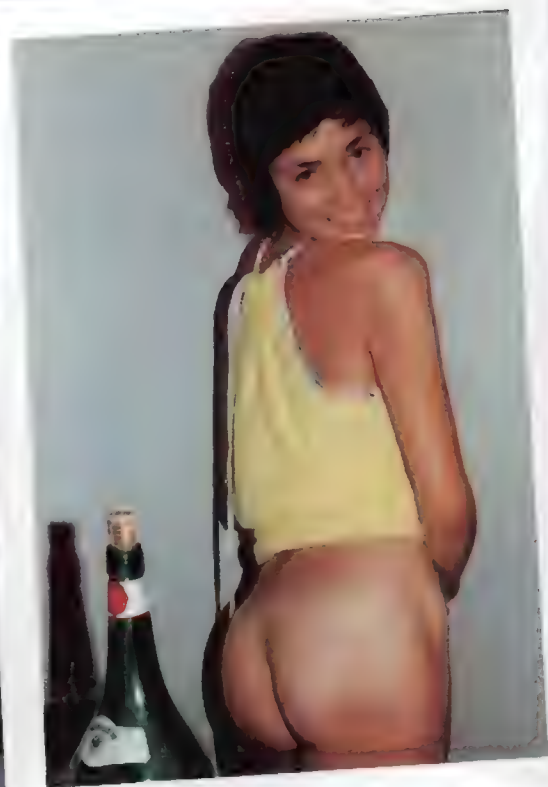
Photo by John H.



Another Danish Beaver is 33-year-old housewife Anne Marie Nilsson, a neighbor of Sanne Boldemann (above). Anne Marie likes music, nature and sex. She writes that she and Santa Claus could make beautiful music together.



Photo by Joe Maes



Twenty-one-year-old college student Sandy Lee of Trenton, New Jersey, is a sociology major who sometimes dances nude at private parties. She says: "I'm a bottoms-up girl, but I like variety in sex."

Terry Swain, a 38-year-old homemaker from Wilmington, North Carolina, loves dancing, swimming and sewing. Terry has always wanted to make it on a tropical beach.



Photo by J. Swain



Carol Munro, 22, lives in Tonawanda, New York, where she dabbles in boating and sex. Carol's fantasy is making it on a barstool in a crowded tavern.

Photo by Arthur A.



Photo by Sherry Floyd



Topless dancer Wilma Reese, 25, is from Columbus. Wilma likes to shoot pool in her spare time, and she writes that her fantasy is having oral sex.

A 19-year-old Navy jet mechanic, Cherry is into big Harleys and working with her hands. A scuba diver, she wants to "get it on under the sea with all the fish watching."

## One for the Ladies



Photo by Peg Riggie



Photo by Lamair Fontaine

Michael Kundla, 25, our first male Beaver, is a salesman based in central Ohio. Mike, who tells us several girls dared him to enter, has two Dobermans to insure his privacy while relaxing in his round bed. His interest in women is "like a hobby."



## RACEHORSE HAYNES

(continued from page 50)

a plasterer from San Antonio, but greatness was sewn in Racehorse's fabric from the gitgo. He was raised in Houston, where he earned his nickname as a halfback on the high-school football team when he vainly attempted to elude a swarm of tacklers by running the width of the field without advancing the ball a single yard.

"Whatta you think you are anyways?" his coach bellowed when the youth returned to the sidelines. "A damn racehorse?" The label stuck.

He boxed in the Golden Gloves and still has the trophies that attest to his ring savvy. At the University of Hous-

ton he was a varsity pole vaulter while he earned an accounting degree. That was after his first military stint, though. At 16, after World War II had erupted, he enlisted in the Navy and later won the Navy Cross for saving the lives of two Marines on Iwo Jima.

On the campus of Cougar High—as the University of Houston is popularly called—Haynes was always behind a microphone, hosting pep rallies, variety shows and other campus events, not because many people thought highly of his scholastic ability but because he was such a comedian.

Yet Haynes could be serious when he wanted to be. As a first-year law student he was ranked at the top of his class (although at graduation he was near the bottom). During his second year he was elected student-body president. If he was less than attentive in class, he had two pretty good reasons.

Either he was spending too much time in Houston courtrooms observing the resourceful Percy Foreman in his element; or he was working as a claims adjuster for Allstate Insurance. According to Ben Noble (a fellow University of Houston graduate), the company transformed Haynes into a champion of the underdog for life.

"I remember running into Richard at school once, and he was bitching about Allstate's methods," Noble said. "I asked why the hell didn't he just quit then. He said he was learning their methods so if he didn't like it when he got out of law school, he'd do something about it." Racehorse did. He hired his Allstate boss into his law firm.

Tom Sullivan was Haynes's classmate in law school and managed his campaign for student-body president. The following year, when Sullivan ran for the same office, Racehorse was supposed to manage Sullivan's campaign.

Because of an argument regarding a political appointee, Haynes opposed Sullivan instead, and lost. Still, both studied for their bar exams together, and the wounds had healed enough for them to start a law partnership. Sullivan practiced with Haynes for ten years before seeking a career in politics.

Although Sullivan was intimate with Haynes's guiles, he was impressed with his partner's phenomenal string of victories. "I was surprised that the law of averages hadn't caught up with him, but I was never surprised about his ability. In the beginning his success was all in cross-examining witnesses, but as time passed he became more of a student of law. He became a better technician, a true craftsman."

Haynes obviously shared that sentiment. He used to come back to the office

after a trial, Sullivan said, and would stare at his hands as if they were instruments controlled by an invisible force. "He'd just look at them and repeat over and over, 'These hands, these hands.' He could mesmerize juries. I recall one case when an old acquaintance of his from high school sought Racehorse's services. Seems as if he'd gone overboard and grew long hair and a beard—this was in the '50s, mind you—then went out and committed a crime."

Yes, Vester Lynn Morris was a well-earned notch on Haynes's briefcase. Morris thought he was Jesus Christ.

"And he was Jesus all right," Haynes said. "I thought I'd trap him on the witness stand when I asked him his full name. He told me it was Jesus Christ of Nazareth. I decided to believe him because I wasn't sure how it was spelled."

The jury decided to believe Haynes. A gardener by trade, "Jesus" began his episode when he put his Christian principles to practice by taking an alcoholic home and trying to rehabilitate him. The drunkard cleaned up his sauce act in a week or so, but started making advances toward Morris's wife, who reported the actions to her husband. Morris, acting on the tip and quoting biblical parables, forgave his reformed guest but warned him not to do it again.

Unfortunately, it was Mrs. Morris who succumbed to temptation the second time around, when she willingly left with the man for a nearby motel. Unknown to the couple, Morris had trailed them all the way. After he observed them entering a room, he decided to circle the block in his car, a trip that took two to three minutes, as he later testified in court. Mrs. Morris and her paramour left the room and had driven approximately two blocks when, at a stop light, the reformed alcoholic had his head blown away by a bullet from Morris's deer rifle.

"Jesus" was saved only because Racehorse Haynes convinced the jury that in the two to three minutes it took the defendant to circle the block around the motel, the errant couple unpacked their luggage, undressed, fucked (committing adultery in the process) and then put their clothes back on. No sinners have trifled with Jesus of Houston since.

"Racehorse had this thing about cigarette smoke," Sullivan said, "that caused his sinuses to act up. He often used that to his advantage. Once my wife and I watched him make his closing argument before a jury, and he was

(continued on page 122)

\*Editor's Note: It would have made the lawyer's client seem mentally incompetent, which probably would have been sufficient cause to have the case dropped.

# HUSTLER

## BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Photographer \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Hobbies \_\_\_\_\_

Sexual Fantasies \_\_\_\_\_

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

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Model's Legal Signature \_\_\_\_\_





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# KINKY KORNER

by Todd Curtiss

Last month, in Part I of this *Kinky Korner*, a couple enacted an unusual fantasy. The encounter sprang from the marked age difference between the man (nearly 30) and the girl (18) and provided the beginning of a relationship involving pedophilic role playing, which is explored further in the final half of the story.

I didn't see the girl again for a couple of weeks because I didn't want a steady relationship with any chick. But I kept thinking about her pink baby-doll pajamas and pigtails. So one evening when I was reminiscing about the little game we had played, I gave her a call, and we made a date for the next evening. As soon as I asked to come over, she wanted to know if we were going to "play house" again. I told her that was the very first thing that popped into my mind when I thought about her.

I decided to go all the way with my "father" role this time, so I put on a sport coat and tie. To complete my fatherly image, I even dug out an old corncob pipe that was stashed in a junk drawer. I had expected to see her in baby-doll pajamas again, but instead she had on saddle oxfords and white knee socks, a short, pleated navy-blue skirt and white blouse—like part of a Catholic schoolgirl's uniform. Her brown hair was in pigtails once again, but this time she tied them up with red ribbons.

Although we were both in our costumes, and we both knew what was eventually going to happen, I didn't know what the next step in the game would be. I was hoping she'd make the first move, and she didn't disappoint me. She invited me to sit on the couch and brought in a chilled martini for me, and as I sat back to sip it, she slipped off my shoes and began rubbing my feet. She kept her legs together, but her skirt was pulled up enough for me to see a lot of her slender, well-formed legs. My

Do you have an unusual story that you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine or ten typed (double-spaced) or neatly printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed return envelope.



## FANTASY PART II FATHER

cock was twitching, and I wanted a chance to see up her dress.

The chick stopped rubbing my feet and then sat modestly on my lap. As she removed my tie, she started talking about her "real" daddy, who had divorced her mother about five years ago. She told me she had never gotten to sit on his lap, or fix him a drink or do any of the things she had wanted to do for him because, even when her parents were married, her father was never home very much. She had always missed her father, and until I came along nobody took her seriously when she wanted to "pretend" to be a little girl.

As she was telling me this, she helped me out of my sport coat and unbuttoned the top buttons of my shirt so she could run her hand over my chest. I didn't care what she wanted to pretend, as long as I was getting the real thing. I wanted to stuff my hand up her skirt and grab her twat, but I was still excited about playing the game with her, so I began casually brushing her knees and the lower part of her thighs. She straightened one leg, and the stretch of white, clean-shaven flesh between the hem of her skirt and the top of her knee sock drove me wild.

Soon I was no longer casually brushing her legs, but caressing them in an overtly sexual manner with my fingertips and the palm of my right hand. My left hand was rubbing her back, and on one stroke I could feel the strap of her bra. It surprised me at first—I had never seen her wearing one—but then I remembered that it was all part of what a young girl would wear. I looked forward to taking her bra off and wondered if I could unsnap it with one hand.

Then, in a little girl's voice, she said that I looked tired and should lie down for a while. She got off my lap and headed for the bedroom. I whipped off my shirt as I stood up, and undid my

trousers as I walked to the bedroom. While I was sliding them off, she leaned over the bed to pull the covers down, and when I stooped to pull my pants over my feet, I caught a glimpse of the white cotton panties cupping the cheeks of her ass. I hadn't been this excited about a chick with her clothes on for a long time.

When she turned around and saw that I was wearing only my undershorts, she grinned slightly and seemed to blush. She told me she would get ready for bed too, and sat on the edge of the mattress and pulled one foot up on the bed to untie her shoe. Her legs were still close



enough together, and her skirt sufficiently covered them, that I couldn't get a good beaver shot. I got down on my knees and took her other shoe off, then pulled both stockings off and stared directly up her skirt at the crotch of her white panties.

I had intended to pull them off and dive into her delicious cunt when I finished with her socks, but she stood up and unbuttoned her blouse, turning slightly away from me as if she were embarrassed. After she slipped her blouse off, she turned again to show me how the bra covered her firm, young tits. Stitched on between the cups was one of those little pink flowers that girls' bras always used to have.

While I was taking this in, she unbuttoned and unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. There, in pigtails, white bra and panties, was the picture of a perfect 14-year-old lass, about to be deflowered by the man of the household.

Maybe because I was so excited, it didn't seem like we were playing a game anymore. She looked like a kid—and I wanted to fuck her, to show her how it was done. I was shocked when I realized what I had been thinking, but my hard-on was straining against my briefs, and when she started to reach behind her to unfasten her bra, I told her to stop. I wanted to uncover those tits. I realized what she had meant about people not taking her seriously when she played the part of a little girl.

She came over and sat next to me on the edge of the bed. I felt her tits through her bra, which was almost like a new experience for me, and then I reached behind her and, with one shaky hand and a little trouble, unhooked it. I

slowly pulled the straps over her shoulders, and she sat there quietly staring at me as I bared her boobs. Then she lay back on the bed, with her legs together and bent at the knees, leaning slightly to one side.

She was a 14-year-old girl, I thought, as my very shaky hands reached for the waistband of her panties to pull them off. Once they had passed her mound—clean-shaven, smooth and smelling of baby powder—I just about ripped them from her beautiful body. I had barely gotten them past her feet when I plunged my face between her legs and began to lick her young flesh.

She asked me to play with her tits first and, although it was a struggle, I pulled myself away from her pussy and began cupping her breasts in my hands and darting my tongue out to lick each nipple. Then I took one nipple between my lips and slowly began sucking more and more of her tit into my mouth until I had all I could handle. I repeated this practice with her other tit as I reached down to feel her soft, hairless cunt.

Her twat pressed up against my rubbing hand, and when I slid two fingers into her dripping wet gash, she began to pump against my hand even harder. I wasn't going to let my fingers get all the good action, so I raised myself over her and told the girl to part her cunt so I could stuff my prong into her. She was the picture of innocence-turned-hot, her flushed face framed by her pigtails laying on the pillow and her body looking firm and untouched. I wasn't shocked this time when I saw the image. I was hot to fuck this "young girl."

I slowly pushed my prick inside her, and the warm, wet meat swallowed up

my dork as if I had plunged it into a jar of warm peanut butter. I had planned to build up my pumping from a slow start, but the sensations all over my cock forced me to pound into her as wildly as if I were climaxing. When she started to claw my back, moaning loudly and humping her ass up off the bed, it signaled my balls to release the flood of sperm that had built up there. As I shot my load, it felt like my entire insides were coming out, but the sensation wasn't unpleasant at all. It was fantastic!

Afterward, neither of us said much about our lovemaking, except that it had been good. I think we were both embarrassed about playing "daddy and little girl," much like the humiliation and guilt young boys feel after beating off. No one else will know, but we have been taught that it's wrong and that we had broken one of society's rules.

On the way home that night I told myself that the girl and I hadn't done anything wrong because we were legally old enough to fuck. I tried to tell myself that it wasn't any different than a guy getting off on a woman wearing sexy lingerie or something like that. But the "kid" part of it still bothered me.

A little more than a month after our previous encounter we ran into each other at a local bar. Since we were both alone and horny, we decided to have a toss in the sheets. We went to my place this time, because I hoped that by being somewhere else I wouldn't feel so guilty.

After we got inside, we didn't waste any time on the preliminaries. We headed straight for my bedroom, peeling off our clothes as we went. At the bed we stripped off our last few garments and hopped in the sack. We began kissing and caressing each other.

I hadn't been laid in about a week, and I knew what a good piece of ass this chick was, but this foreplay still didn't give me a hard-on. I moved my head down and began teasing her nipples with my tongue while my hand rubbed her stomach and moved toward her twat. Her cunt hairs had started growing back, but were still short and thick. When my hand touched her crotch, I pulled away at first. I hadn't expected to find any hair there at all.

None of this seemed to be getting us anywhere, so I turned around and got on my side and pulled her cunt up to my face. I started licking it, and the girl took my limp dork into her mouth, lapping it with her tongue to make it hard. This action continued for a few minutes, but neither of us seemed very excited.

Finally she got up from the bed, took my hand and led me into the bathroom. There she picked up my shaving mug,









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worked up a lather and asked if her "daddy" would help her shave. My cock tingled, and I realized there was no use fighting the urge.

While she sat back on the toilet seat with her legs spread, I grabbed the brush, smeared lather all over her bush and delicately shaved it clean. Of course, I also used this opportunity to finger her snatch. By the time I washed away the excess foam from her mound, we were both hot and ready, but she made me wait until she pulled her hair into loose pigtails.

I sat down on the john and watched her make the final change from woman to little girl, and realized I didn't have anything to feel guilty about. In fact, this little game made us both feel a hell of a lot better than when we stayed away from the "taboo." I figured, society be damned; we were going to enjoy sex.

I had her sit down on the john again, told her to open her mouth and close her eyes and said I would give her a lollipop. She smiled a little but did as I told her. When she was ready, I stuck the head of my cock in her mouth, and she began to lick and suck on it. I took her pigtails in my hands and pulled her face closer. At this point she reached up and started caressing my balls. I looked down and saw my prong being swallowed up into her young face.

When I was as hard as I could get, we went into the bedroom, and I had her lie down so I could lick her from her head to her toes. My tongue covered every inch of her body, saving her cunt for last. Then I licked the spot I had shaved earlier, running my tongue along her slit, working it deeper and deeper each time. She spread her cunt lips with her fingers so I could get directly at her clit, and her excitement increased as I sped up the pace of my lapping until she pressed her mound hard against my mouth. She shuddered all over.

Next I had her get on her knees and face away from me, and I slipped my cock into her tight hole from the rear. On my knees, I angled my thrusts so that my prick rubbed across her clit as I went in and out, and before long we were both shaking and pumping our way to great climaxes.

Later, while we were cleaning up, we talked about our little game and decided that since we were old enough to know what we were doing—and we both liked it—there was nothing wrong with what we had done. Since then, we've gotten together a lot, not always playing "daddy's little girl," but not afraid to play it when we want the ultimate in sex.

I hope that other people who get off on harmless sex games don't let society's bullshit hinder their good time. 🍷



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# HONEY HOOKER

by MIKE TOOHEY & FRED FERNANDEZ



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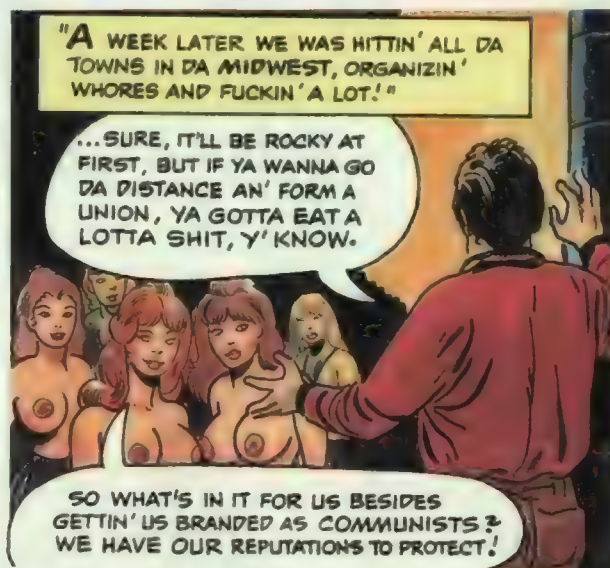


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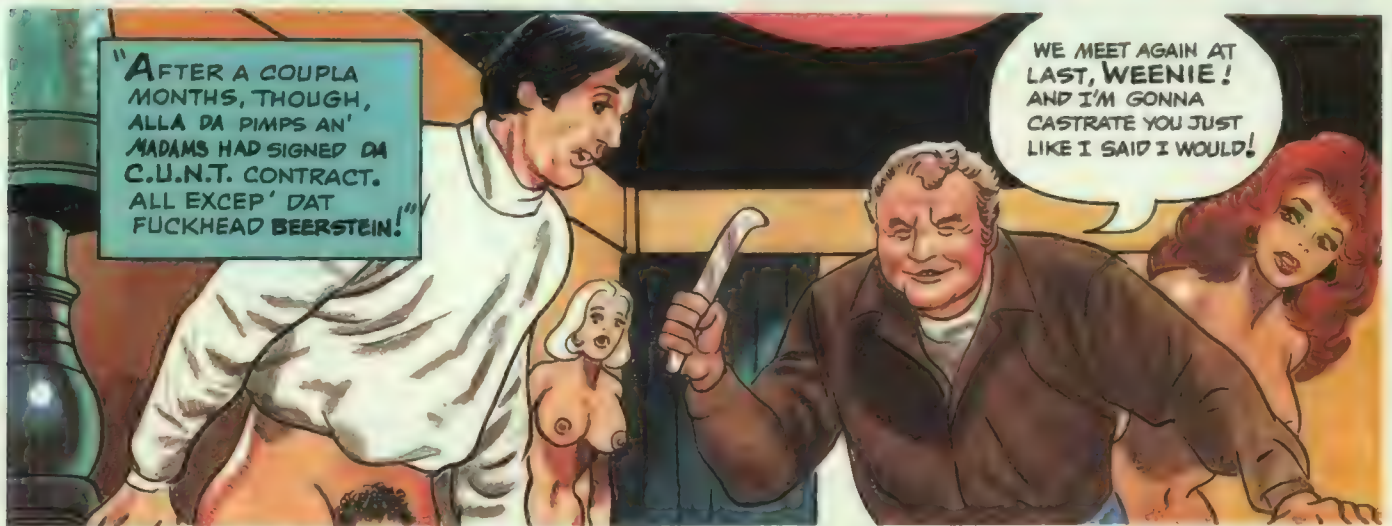














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# MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to *Mail-Order Feedback* (Product Review). Also, we'll advise customers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

by Todd David Schwartz

## MILK AND COOKIES

People often run up to me and ask, "Hey, Todd, what's new in the world of porn?" I usually ignore them completely, or manage a cryptic, philosophical witticism, such as "Not much."

However, as far as 8mm fuck-fare goes, *Milk Maid* (film #39 in *The Collection* series of home movies) is unique. This is not to be confused with *The Milk Lady*, the feature-length smut flick released a couple of years ago. But like that longer movie, *Milk Maid* offers milk-filled breasts.

Big and veiny, the tits are attached to a blond who has a vaguely stupid, but attractive, appearance—a little like Karen Black. She squeezes milk out of her protuberant nipples, much to the excitement of a smiling black man, who extends his tongue to catch the sprays squirting at his face.

Elsie presses a nipple between her fingers and moistens her partner's erection with droplets of white nourishment. She then laps and sucks the milk off his penis. Lying back, the girl receives the dude's big cock in her cunt. The camera cuts to show the woman on her knees, taking the man's schlong in her mouth until he shoots a milky substance of his own onto her face. If the female hadn't been lactating, this flick would have very little going for it.

Another movie from the same retailer, *Jewish Princess* (*Collection* film #40), opens with a brown-haired lass playing guitar. This slender, hot piece is the kind of girl my mother would have wanted me to date. She has a nice face and a nose that gives a clue as to the reason behind the title. Her co-star is the same black guy in *Milk Maid*.

In one scene the princess tries to swallow the man's beefy dork, but is unable to go down more than a quarter of the way (the blond in the first film encountered the same problem). In another she rides his tool with her back to him. A flimsy negligee covers her round tits, and the apparel is open on the bottom to display the genital movement in

close-up. The couple pork away in several other positions, and the girl's lusty expressions help make *Jewish Princess* a fairly raunchy turn-on.

The color, camera work and editing of these two movies are adequate. They can be purchased for \$20 each in regular and Super 8mm from *Kinematics, Inc.* (708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036).

## BIZARRE BONDAGE

*Bizarre Comix Volume 7* is an 8½" x 11" 64-page, soft-cover book that contains both parts of "Bound in Leather." This work was originally published in the 1950s under the auspices of Irving Klaw, the renowned patron of bondage art and literature. Accompanied by the stylistic and properly stark black-and-white brush-ink illustrations of bondage artist Eric Stanton, this story delves into the anonymous author's involvement with a family of bondage freaks.

Despite typographical and grammatical errors, the story is good for its genre. "Bound in Leather" has an almost eerie feeling to it: The bondage and discipline are relentless and mundane, and the subjugation of women is total. Yet because there is no nudity or sex, you are likely to be bored unless you're a bondage aficionado or a devotee of collector's-item kink.

While *Volume 7* has only one tale, there are two stories in *Bizarre Comix Volume 8*. In "Prison for Women" the inmates are mistreated by cruel wardens. In the second, "Island of Captive Girls," two females survive a plane crash on a South Pacific island and are captured by vicious tribeswomen. The artwork for both stories was rendered by "Eneg," whose pen-and-inks are as taut as the ropes that bind his victims.

The cost for both books is \$6.50 each (plus 50 cents postage per volume) from *Belier Press, Inc.* (P.O. Box C, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028).

## FEEDBACK LETTERS

Are there such things as Super 8mm porno films with sound?

V.M.

Hollywood, California

Yes there are, and next month I'll be telling you about them.

A couple of months ago I ordered a pair of *Bulger Underwear* from *Valentine Products, Inc.* (P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, New York 10022). After not receiving

anything, I sent them a letter along with a copy of my canceled check. I still didn't hear a word, so I wrote you. A few days later my merchandise arrived.

D. G.

Baltimore, Maryland

The problem with *Bulger Underwear* is that it is handmade and only a limited number can be produced each month. On top of this, one of the manufacturers did not fulfill its contract. When there is going to be a hassle in expediting an order, *Valentine* usually notifies its customers of the delay. That you didn't get such a notice was a probable oversight. Next time, if you get no satisfactory response after writing this firm about the status of your order, drop a line to the executive offices of *Valentine Products, Inc.* (attention D. Kapner), 880 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

I sent money for a penis enlarger to *Saepas Enterprises, Inc.* (P.O. Box 42301, Houston, Texas 77042). Although my canceled check was returned, I never got the enlarger.

C. L. K.

Indianapolis, Indiana

Your order was delayed because *Saepas* had trouble obtaining parts from the manufacturer. The problem has been resolved, and your order is on its way via *United Parcel Service*.

I wrote you recently about having sent \$137.50 for some films to *Louis B. Meltzer, Ltd.* (441 North La Cienega Boulevard, Suite 208, Los Angeles, California 90028), which I hadn't received. Well, my films arrived today. Thank you for your time.

C. G.

Staples, Minnesota

*Louis B. Meltzer* claims his is a new company and incoming orders have been overwhelming. He seems interested in maintaining customer satisfaction, but I'd like to hear about other reader experiences with this firm.

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in *HUSTLER*, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we'd like to know that too. Address correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine, Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, 38th Floor, Los Angeles, California 90067.



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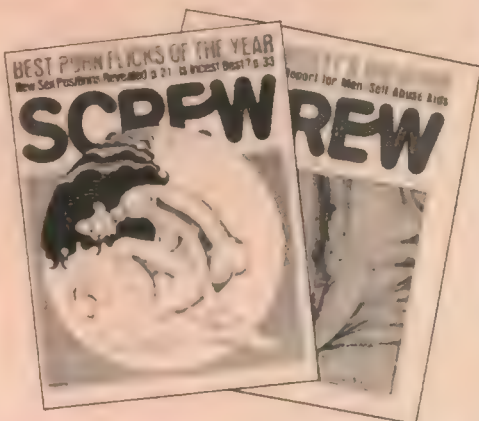


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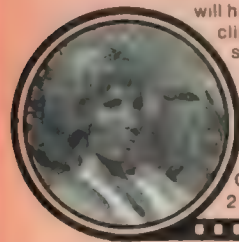
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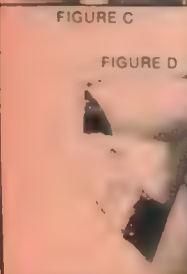


Figure E: #208 Open Crotch Panty and  
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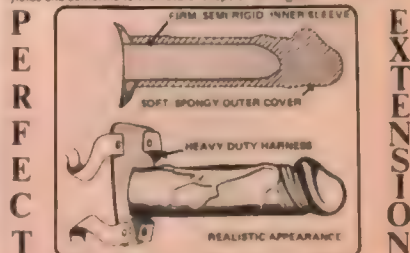
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## RACEHORSE HAYNES

(continued from page 104)

doing it in this very low-key, understated manner. Word had come around that a lot of lawyers were in court that day and, oh, how he argued!

"Tears came into his eyes as he stood before the jury and passionately argued against the death penalty. In the middle of all this emotional outpouring he glanced at the gallery, saw my wife and winked at her. She was horrified. He had thoroughly convinced her he was crying, when it was the smoke. She didn't forgive him for a year."

*I had been hearing about this man called Racehorse and I expected to encounter a fantastic stud. Instead this little squirt walks in and takes my deposition.*

—Ann Kurth, John Hill's second wife and the prosecution's star witness in the Joan Robinson Hill murder case (*Blood and Money*).

When looking for action, Amarillo folks think nothing of tooling down the freeway 100 miles to Lubbock—which, in viewing the Panhandle as a whole, appears to be Sin City. To combat the gray dullness, the populace of Amarillo engage in one of three pastimes: watching television, cruising the strip or embracing a hellfire-and-brimstone subdivision of Protestantism. Morality is a prized commodity, even if it is more theoretical than practical.

It is into this scene that the T. Cullen Davis trial was moved from Fort Worth. Here Haynes would face his toughest adversary yet, Priscilla Davis.

The defense would try to discredit Mrs. Davis on the basis of rumors that, once separated from her husband—gaining custody of the Davis mansion in the process—she had been living a life of promiscuity and decadence, hosting wild parties and using drugs. Because the political and social climate in Amarillo is slightly more straight-laced than that of Fort Worth or Houston, both Mrs. Davis and Haynes tried to play into the hands of the upright element. They were as convincing as wolves in a sheep's beauty pageant.

When Priscilla Davis arrived in Amarillo for pretrial depositions, she rolled off a rented jet in a wheelchair, clutching a Bible tight to her Little Miss Muffet schoolmarm's dress. It was a good act, but not too convincing, considering that only a few months earlier she had made her obligatory appearance at the Colonial golf tournament back home—in halter top and tight slacks, and walking on two sturdy legs.

Racehorse encountered credibility



problems of his own. Although he was the picture of etiquette in court ("He's a charming little jerk," a judge once opined), puffing a pipe and hanging his half-moon glasses on the edge of his nose in an intensely scholarly fashion, he was thrown for a loop by one prospective juror. All candidates for the jury were asked if they'd heard of Haynes, and if they answered affirmatively, they were quizzed on the origin of his nickname to insure they didn't associate the moniker with pari-mutuel betting—a source of endless anger to Baptists.

The prospective juror wanted to salute Racehorse. He was an admirer. Haynes didn't object to seating him, figuring the prosecution would strike him for lunacy. The prosecutors, however, reckoned that any man crazy enough to salute Racehorse Haynes would be crazy enough to send T. Cullen Davis to the electric chair. The juror made it, but not for long. While sequestered at a motel, he had only one set of clothes. In a few days he began exuding an offensive odor, and after he had been found walking naked in the lobby, he was dismissed—to Haynes's relief—for "medical reasons."

When it came time for testimony, Haynes found he'd come up against one cookie who wouldn't crumble: Priscilla Davis. "The only time she's said yes,"

Haynes reported early in the trial, "was when I asked her if her name was Priscilla Lee Davis and when she agreed that she and I had never met alone anywhere before that day in court. She's a tough one, all right." Mrs. Davis would remain adamant that her husband was the gun-toting man in the wig, so Haynes had to make his point in front of the jury early, in one fell swoop.

No superlawyer worth a hill of pinto beans would hesitate to employ a little deception when necessary. A certain lack of ethics occasionally helps win a case. Haynes nailed the witness by introducing a picture of her as evidence. Actually it was a wall-sized, full-color poster of Priscilla, dressed in a skimpy halter top and skin-tight slacks, hugging a Fort Worth plumber, W. T. Rufner, who was attired only in a candy-striped sock covering his penis.

Although Haynes unraveled the poster while facing the judge, it was printed on such thin paper that the jury could clearly make out the image from the other side. The evidence was ruled inadmissible, of course, since it had nothing to do with the case at hand, but even the prosecutor acknowledged the effectiveness of Haynes's ploy. "The damage is done, your honor," he conceded.

In case the jurors weren't cocksure of the picture's representation, "WT Says

Sock It To Me" T-shirts began appearing in the courtroom gallery to drive the point home.

It was such tactics that saved T. Cullen Davis's neck from the long arm of the law. Haynes and crew, in the longest murder trial in Texas history, convinced the jury that the defendant hadn't killed young Andrea Wilborn. After listening to 12 weeks of testimony, the panel deliberated only four hours to find the accused not guilty. No decision has been made whether to prosecute the other charges against him: the murder of Stan Farr and the attempted murder of Priscilla Davis and the family friend. Nevertheless, Haynes was rewarded with at least \$1 million and a bonus. After all, a man has to make a living.

Back in the Caddy, the talk is of golf. Phil Bursleson boasts, "We can take all of Race's money when we get on the course again." Haynes shoots back, "Nah, no way. I've got momentum and psychology on my side." He could have been talking about a game with much bigger stakes. Racehorse grins complacently. He is thinking about the epitaph he's written for his tombstone on some modern-day Boot Hill:

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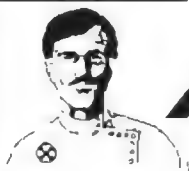
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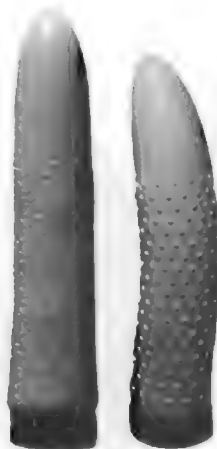
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## THE CHOSEN FEW

(continued from page 55)

Plan." Under this plan the church member sends a specific number of dollars per month to the reverend, and receives best wishes in return.

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Just as Moon, Hubbard and Graham know their audiences, Ike knows his. Traditionally, the black church has preached patience in the face of poverty and racism. Ike *appears* to offer a new message: "Forget about pie in the sky in the by-and-by; get it *now* with ice cream and a big red cherry on top!"

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These are great advertisements. But what they're advertising is just a new twist on the old numbers racket, and you know the odds are overwhelming.

You might think that all these evangelists have glutted the God market by now. Far from it. You don't even need a figurehead like Moon or Armstrong to run a money-making religious campaign. A group called the Campus Crusade for Christ proves that with good public-relations men, the Lord can work wonders without any specific leaders here on earth.

Perhaps you've seen one of its billboards or bumper stickers, and not even realized it. The billboards show a goofy-looking guy with a blissed-out smile and wearing a leisure suit. In giant letters are the words I FOUND IT, plus a telephone number.

Naturally, you're intrigued—found what? A new erogenous zone? A tax loophole for blue-collar workers?

Of course, "it" turns out to be God.

This ad campaign has been amazing. Devised by Bruce Cook, a former adman for Coca-Cola, it helped the crusade gross a cool \$29 million one year. The crusade has 6,000 full-time staff members and a payroll of at least \$2 million.

These figures don't even include profits from the lucrative San Bernadino bookstore sales of such material as cookbooks by Graham Kerr—TV's former "Galloping Gourmet," who is now making omelettes for Christ and selling *The*

*New Seasoning* (Fleming H. Revell Company). Using a media blitz, the Campus Crusade made 10,000 converts to Christ in Sacramento, California, in a single month. Its goal is to get back into the fold all fallen-away Christians.

The rise of this movement, and the lessons to be learned from it, have not been lost on other religious leaders. It represents the new wave of evangelism—a combination of old-time religion and Madison Avenue hard sell.

This survey represents only a few entries in the Great God Sweepstakes. It omits a slew of yogis, radio preachers and nondenominational faith healers like Werner Erhard of "est" (which stands for Erhard Seminars Training, and means brainwashing couched in "the awareness that you are").

All told, religious leaders spend \$500 million every year for television time alone. That's only a slight indication of the money involved in evangelism.

With money comes social and political power. Already many evangelists are flexing their revitalized muscle in the public arena: fighting against abortion, against "left-wingers," against the right of free speech in magazines, against fair treatment of homosexuals.

It would be stupid to underestimate their ability to influence public opinion. As Billy James Hargis told me: "No one can deny that Billy Sunday brought about Prohibition. And I believe we're entering a revival of the Lord's battle against Satan."

This powerful lobbying effort is paying off richly. Witness the recent decision by President Jimmy Carter—a "born-again" Christian who once rang doorbells to beg people to accept Jesus—to cut off federal funds for abor-

tions, or the wide support for the woman in Florida who believes that swallowing sperm is the same as drinking blood.

I was struck by something else Billy Hargis said: "For me, preaching anti-communism is just as religious as preaching John 3:16." In fact, as I interviewed church leaders, I heard more talk about Andrew Young than about Jesus Christ. (As a candidate for the new Antichrist, Larry Flynt ran a distant second to the U.N. Ambassador.)

Fair enough. The right to a political opinion doesn't stop in the pulpit. What is disturbing about men like Armstrong, Moon, Hargis, Roberts, Hubbard, Graham and Reverend Ike is their effort to control the lives of nonbelievers. And the fact that they can spend a half-billion tax-free dollars every year in order to push their message.

For a truly evangelical person, being good isn't good enough. You must help others to be good, whether that means prohibiting sex, censoring their speech or emptying their wallets.

Naturally, not all evangelists preach the gospel of repression and fear, hellfire and brimstone—all negative approaches to an already difficult life. People like Ruth Carter Stapleton (the President's sister) and the Reverend Bob Harrington espouse a positive message that uplifts the spirit and the mind to a human level. But they are exceptions.

History shows one period similar to ours—England in the mid-1800s. Everyone was suddenly "born again." That wave of evangelism led to the Victorian era, when people put skirts on chair legs. If the Armstrongs, Moons, et al. have their way, history might repeat itself, while The Chosen Few rake in souls and untold millions of tax-free dollars. ☹







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# Preview

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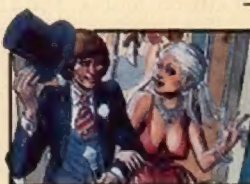
## THE RITES OF SPRING

WE ARE WHAT WE ARE: SADOMASOCHISM IN SOCIETY—Sadomasochists used to hide under the cloak of night and leather. Now they form social clubs, the most responsible being the Eulenspiegel Society, where S&Mers can discuss their needs and problems. Contributing Editor Frank Fortunato delivers a hard-hitting report on this sometimes shocking phenomenon.

**HUSTLER INTERVIEW: AL GOLDSTEIN**—A candid exchange with the Sage of Smut. Goldstein offers his ribald views on the First Amendment, homosexuality, women's rights and his favorite fantasy: getting Jane Fonda in a certain radical position.



**THE LAST SHIKSA**—A nice Jewish boy from Brooklyn meets up with a fun-loving blond, who just happens to be a Nazi sympathizer. B. H. Litwack's fiction takes us back to the '40s and recalls one soldier's private thrust against the Germans.



**HOW TO MEET GIRLS**—HUSTLER Executive Editor Bruce David comes up with seven humorous tips that will make you the most popular guy on the block. Not only will this lighthearted advice help you get to first base, but you may even win the Olympics!

**KINKY KORNER**—Wine isn't the only delicacy that gets better with age. This true-life account will convince you that gray is beautiful too.

**JANET & KAREN: BLOND ON BLOND**—Our April centerfold. Be sure you're there when two southern sisters with goldilocks curls meet for a little at-home scuba diving.



**PLUS**—The usual high jinks and social commentary of BITS & PIECES, ADVISE & CONSENT, HUSTLER HUMOR, BEAVER HUNT, HONEY HOOKER, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, and the presentation of HUSTLER's Second Annual Erotic Movie Awards.





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